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THE THEATRE

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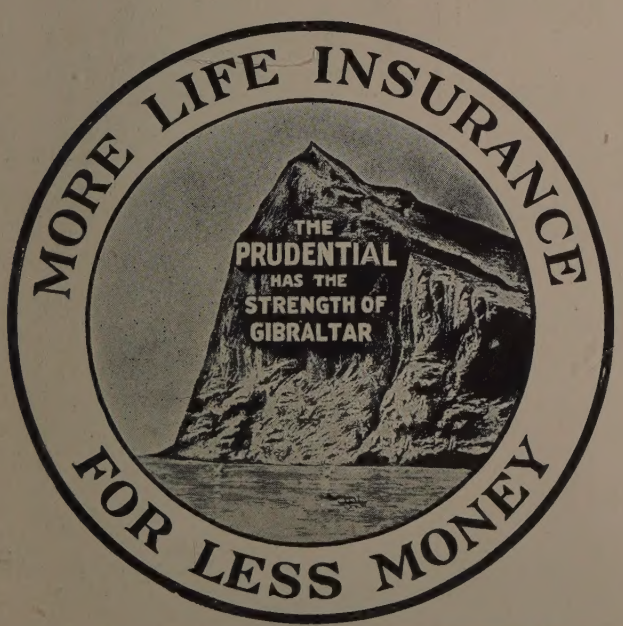

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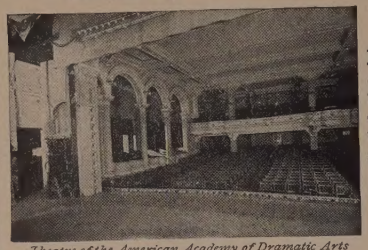

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Shakespeare Theatre for England

As a consequence of the controversy which arose over the proposal to erect a memorial statue of Shakespeare in London, says the London correspondent of the New York *Times*, it is announced that England will be endowed with a national theatre at which Shakespearian plays will be given at regular intervals together with other plays by English and foreign dramatists. At any rate, that is the belief of the committee which was formed after the opposition developed to the scheme for erecting a Shakespeare statue.

It will be remembered that this latter scheme was urged by the committee which proposed to solicit subscriptions from the English-speaking world, not omitting the United States. A good many persons, however, considered that Shakespeare's fame deserved a better commemoration than a mere monument of stone or marble, and a second committee was formed with more ambitious plans. Eventually, after much ink-spilling, the two committees were amalgamated, and as a result of the deliberations throughout the autumn and winter, the unanimous decision has been arrived at to found a National Theatre as an adequate memorial of the greatest of English dramatists.

Funds are to be raised by Mansion House subscriptions, while the mayors of the principal provincial towns and educational and municipal bodies throughout the country will be invited to arrange for other subscriptions.

It is likely that the theatre will be built in London. In fact, the committee already has its collective eye on a site in the very center of the metropolis, but the exact location, for obvious reasons, is kept a secret for the present.

In the view of the promoters the proposed theatre will be a state institution to all intents and purposes, except that no appeal to Parliament for financial assistance is contemplated. The promoters believe that "if the idea of a great national theatre, based and conducted on the highest lines, were widely and efficiently placed before the public, there would be no lack of financial support in its initiation or subsequent patronage."

It may be as well to mention that some of the leading members of the committee are the Lord Mayor of London, the Earls of Plymouth and Lytton, Viscount Esher, Sir John Hare, William Archer, Granville Barker, Edmond Gosse, Sidney Lee, A. W. Pinero, H. Beerbohm Tree and George Bernard Shaw.

After reading the complete list of the committee one is not surprised to find it stated that "the National Theatre will not be an advanced theatre nor purely a revival theatre, Shakespearian or otherwise. It will be a playhouse for the presentation, primarily, of the best plays by English dramatists, living or dead, and controlled by a Board of Trustees and a management representative of the literature, drama, music and education of the day; but foreign actors and actresses in plays by foreign dramatists will be invited to occupy the boards as occasion suggests."

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Remarkable New Baritone

M. Messager, Director of the Paris Opéra, has discovered in London a remarkable new baritone. His name is Marcoux, and he sang the part of Guido in "Monna Vanna." As Mr. Hammerstein seems to have a desire to own all the interesting baritones in the world he will probably pick him up. His voice in itself is not wonderful—frequently it is not pleasing—but he is a consummate artist and acts Guido in a Forbes Robertson style, which is quite convincing.—New York *Times*.

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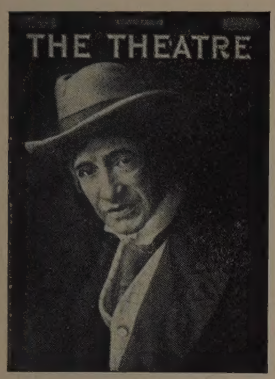

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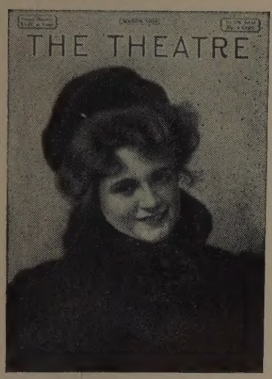

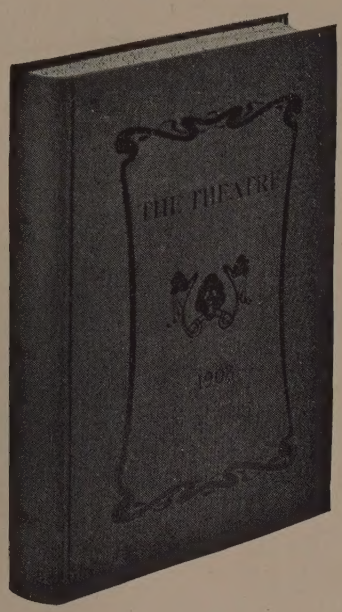

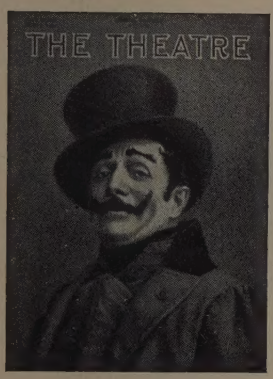

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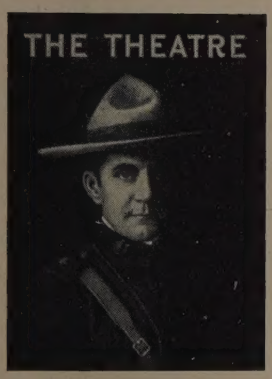

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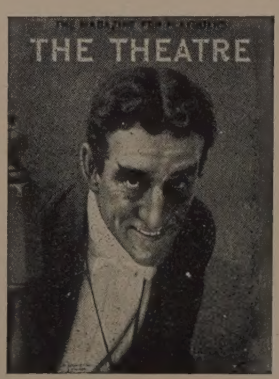

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Letter to the Editor

To the Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Mr. Wilton Lackaye, who is now presenting to the public at the Savoy Theatre his very virile characterization of a grasping capitalist in Cleveland Moffett's play "The Battle," recently has been quoted as saying that technique, so far as it concerns playwriting and acting, is "all bosh." With very great respect for the abilities of both Mr. Lackaye and Mr. Moffett, this is nonsense. Perhaps our most distinguished playwright, and certainly the ablest man personally among our playwrights, is Mr. Augustus Thomas. He also has recently derided technique and asserted that the greatest plays are the greatest offenders against it. I challenge him to name the plays. No doubt, in both these utterances conventionality is meant rather than technique. Nine plays out of ten that fail or that do not please in full measure do so by reason of faulty technique; and in most cases the authors and managers attribute the failure to the stupidity of the public and the malice of critics. If a play which is plainly defective, in parts, meets with a certain success financially and otherwise, the claim is made that this play proves that technique is an absurdity, and that human genius has outgrown it. In such cases the truth is that the good technique in the play keeps it afloat in spite of its bad technique.

I do not wish to disparage any one connected with this successful play, but it may be of some consolation to Miss Elsie Ferguson if it is explained to her why she failed, in the character of the wayward daughter, to reach a greater distinction than she did in a little bit of a part in a recent melodrama which failed, she alone of the crew being saved. It is because her part in this play is out of plumb, wholly unsympathetic and almost unnecessary, in spite of the many lines she has and situations in abundance. Her character is technically malformed and "all bosh."

John Haggleton, the multi-millionaire in the play, starts out to gain the love of his son, but if he does so, it is only because of "elemental flesh," and if "elemental flesh" is relied upon as a factor in the action, it is something that would be just as decisive at one time in the action as at another time. There is no progressive action in a thing of this sort. If the father had interposed to save his son from the attempted assassination, it would have been more in line with the proposition of the play, and this element of inborn love would have some consistent logic in it.

Mr. Lackaye will surely not contend that an actor must despise the technique of his own art. He dominates this play. Does he hand over to Mr. Moffett all the applause that he gets? What is technique? It is a process of thought based on the natural laws involved in any particular art. Without technique there is no art. Is there no art in acting? When Mr. Lackaye, in the first act of the play, is revolving in his mind what to do, and finally determines not to announce his identity to his son and claim him, but to assume the disguise of a workingman and remain near him, he expresses, by means of business, what is going on in his mind in a way characteristic of his virility of thought and his possession of a living technique. There you have it, a living technique! His business might have been of the conventional sort, which might well have been either nonsense or outworn and conventional. He did not express himself by biting his thumb nail —for which thanks. It was only a shuffling about of the feet, pacing about a little bit, beginning with indecision and ending with a resolution. That is a living technique. The dramatist can have a living technique just as well as the actor. The play is entertaining, and the ability of its author is marked, but the very fact that practically nothing of any kind is proved, and that melodrama, not always consistent with the logic of the problem to be worked out in a progressive action, is resorted to, indicates that the technique of this play is not always a living technique.

Respectfully,
WILLIAM T. PRICE.

New York, Jan. 15.

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The Drama and Statistics

The drama has its statistics. The receipts of the different theatres of Paris does not vary from one year to another more than two hundred thousand francs. The total is nearly always the same; its partition alone is unequal. Hence it follows that one theatre prospers only at the expense of its neighbors.—*Gazetta del Popolo.*

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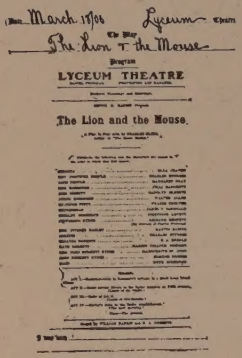

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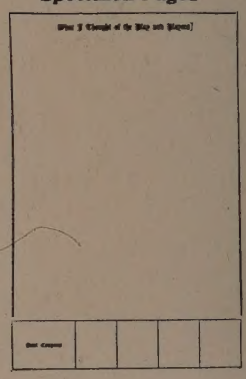

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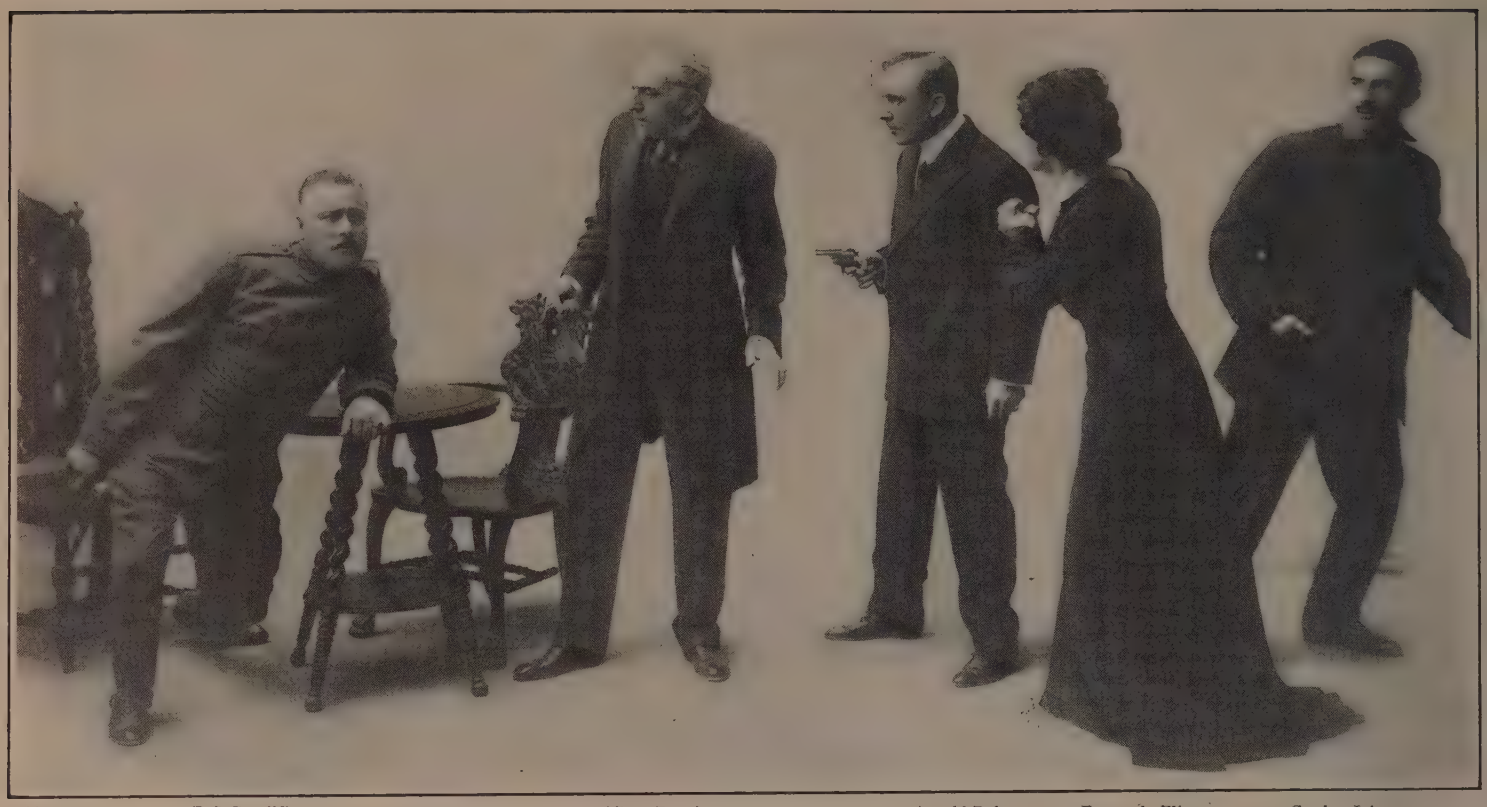
MRS. LESLIE CARTER IN JOHN LUTHER LONG'S NEW PLAY "KASSA"



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Mr. Venables	Lumsden Hare	Second Elector	Wallace Jackson
Comtesse De La Briere	Ffolliott Paget	Third Elector	W. H. Gilmore

Mr. Barrie is delightful with his whimsicalities, and we may always be sure that any new play from him will be filled with droll fancies, true observations of character and delightful touches of nature. The absence of all trace of conventionality in his plays is also a source of pleasure. All drama is the same fundamentally. Barrie simply applies its natural laws, disregarding the artificial. Any dramatist who had the same point of view would write the delicious scenes in the same way in proportion to the fineness of his intelligence, knowledge of the subject, delicacy of fancy and tenderness of heart. Barrie penetrates the heart of his subject and of his characters more deeply than do most dramatists, even successful dramatists. He succeeds by reason of this and because of his personal qualities, just as a business man may be more successful than his rivals.

The charm of his comedy, "What Every Woman Knows," is largely in its minute detail, which involves truths of life and character expressed with whimsical humor. What could be more unpromising to the ordinary, conventional dramatist than the idea of three bachelor brothers agreeing to educate an egotistical, ambitious young Scotchman and willing to sign a contract to that effect, if only he will marry their spinster sister, age 27, if after three years she is still free? What could be more whimsical than to have this young man, who knows that the brothers retire to bed promptly at ten and sleep soundly, and intent upon educating himself, steal into the library where there are ten yards of books which are never read by the household, and spend the night in devouring them. The three brothers and the maiden sister have reason to suspect that the house is being entered, and they determine to surprise the mysterious visitor. The young man enters through the window, gets his book and is completely absorbed in it as they tip-toe in, the spinster carrying a poker. There is no describing in detail the delightful scene which follows. The canny young Scotchman drives his enforced bargain with a wariness which is characteristic of the race which Barrie knows so well and with an unconscious humor which keeps the audience in a constant state of pleasurable appreciation of every moment of the scene. The spinster is canny, too, and her manner of receiving the proposition is delicious comedy.

The rest of the plot is simple enough. The young man succeeds in life and is elected to Parliament. The spinster feels that he doesn't love her and is willing to tear up the agreement, but he insists that a bargain's a bargain and they are married. His success continues, there is a chance of his entering the Cabinet. Maggie has helped him in his speeches, which have made him eminent, more than he knows, but he is frankness itself. He tells the three brothers and his wife that he is in love with another girl of title. A divorce is decided upon. In the later developments of the play, however—after Maggie, rejected by him, saves

Otto Sarony Co.

VALLI VALLI

English actress now appearing in "Kitty Grey" at the New Amsterdam

the day for him at a critical moment in his political career—he discovers that he does not love the aristocratic girl after all and he tells her in the presence of the other characters that she bores him, while the lady of title confesses that he likewise bores her. There is then a scene between him and the neglected Maggie, in which they talk over matters and in which she makes him laugh for the first time in his life. He now understands her and realizes that she is the companion made for him. The whimsical idea is that she is his missing funny bone and that woman was not made from the rib of man at all. This sounds nonsensical, but the play is wholly delightful. Richard Bennett as John Shand proves himself an actor of the very finest intelligence. His John Shand is a rare achievement. There is hardly any rôle in the acted drama that is beyond this young player's capabilities. Maude Adams as Maggie Wylie, the spinster, exercises her potent and almost indescribable charm of personality and art. What the effect would be if the part were played by an actress less lovable it would be curious to conjecture. As it is, the whimsical conditions of the play, with reference to her share in the action, seem to be susceptible of better interpretation by Miss Adams than by any other actress on our stage. Without her spirituality the situation of a spinster of 27 regarding a young man as her boy, and loving him and marrying him, might have a grossness entirely out of keeping with the gentle refinement of the character and play. If one may be permitted to criticise any part of an impersonation that was wholly satisfying and delightful, it is that Miss Adams makes too charming a Maggie. The logic of the plot calls for a homelier heroine. It is impossible to conceive that John Shand, no matter how egotistical, could be so blind to the worth of the gentle creature who was the Svengali of his success. The three brothers are capitally acted by David Torrence, R. Peyton Carter and Fred Tyler.

SAVOY. "THE BATTLE." Play in four acts by Cleveland Moffett. Produced Dec. 21 with this cast:

John J. Haggleton	Wilton Lackaye	Secretary	Miltern Pollock
Phillip Ames	H. B. Warner	Margaret Lawrence	Josephine Victor
Gentle	E. M. Holland	Jenny, Moran's daughter	Elsie Ferguson
Moran	Gerald Griffin	Emmy	Olive McVine
Joe	Charles Abbe	Benny	Emily Wurster

This play is a brilliant discussion by means of dramatic action of the ever-poignant problem of capital and labor. This question presses for a solution and will probably first find it in this country. "The Battle" does not settle it or attempt to settle it. The play is more in the nature of a satire on the propensity of the generality of men to get the advantage of their fellows in business and in control of the means of making money. This, indeed, seems to be the spirit of the play, and if the public is credibly informed, a well-known financier supplied the model for the crafty and brilliant multi-millionaire of the play. This man had accumulated millions by pitiless methods of crushing rivals and incidentally bringing individuals to poverty and shame.

Years before the opening of the action the wife of this man, after indignant protests at some of his acts of cruel selfishness, resolves that she cannot live with him, and disappears completely from his life, taking with her her child, a boy. She determines that he shall become an honest man and never be subjected to the temptations of gaining wealth in iniquitous ways. She dies and confides him to a gentle and philosophical soul, who promises never to reveal the lad's identity until he reaches manhood. He is living in a tenement and is employed as a diver. The multi-millionaire learns from the man who holds the secret that his boy is living. He is about to sail away in his yacht on a pleasure trip. His first impulse is to reveal himself to his boy, but he is persuaded that the only way to change the boy's present views of the relations between capital and labor and to win his love is to associate with him on the same plane. He establishes himself in the house, under an assumed name, as a working man. After scoffing at the shiftlessness of the poor—poverty, according to him, being the fault of the individual—he starts to put the house in order. Selling some useless clocks and other ornaments, he organizes into a syndicate various bakeries in the neighborhood, so that prosperity takes the place of poverty with these concerned.

Moffett, Chicago

MAUDE ADAMS AS MRS. JOHN SHAND
In "What Every Woman Knows" at the Empire Theatre

It is shown by many incidents that those with socialistic ideas are quick to take advantage of prosperity which comes through monopoly. The multi-millionaire's son is in love with a trained nurse, whose father had been ruined in the crushing methods of the rich man. The socialist who changes his views and is made foreman of the bakery is another of his victims. Their subsequent discovery of his identity affords turning points in the action. The foreman attempts to shoot him, but the son interposes himself and receives a wound from the bullet. This brings father and son together, and in the last act the father agrees to apply ten millions of his money to the amelioration of suffering and unequal conditions. He asks the theorists of his little circle how the problem of using this money shall be solved. Proposition

after proposition is rejected. He then takes some blue prints from his desk, spreads them out on the table and says, "I have worked it all out. It is this way—," the curtain falling as he begins to trace with his finger.

Of course, this is an ending without a conclusion. Mr. Moffett, when very deservedly called before the curtain, announced that he was not trying to teach a lesson, but simply to provide an evening's entertainment. He did provide an evening's entertainment, helped out largely by uncommonly good acting, but he neglected to prove anything. If he had done so, the play would be vastly more entertaining and its commercial value considerably greater. Mr. Lackaye made John Haggleton, the capitalist, a forceful, commanding figure, and it is almost unnecessary to say that E. M. Holland as the gentle philosopher and guardian of the boy was pleasing, both by reason of his fine and intelligent personality and his finished technique.

BROADWAY. "PEGGY MACHREE." Romantic comedy with music by Patrick Bidwell. Produced Dec. 21 with this cast:

Barry Trevor.....Joseph O'Mara
Sir Lawrence Borthwick.....Percy F. Leach
Captain De La Cour.....Marc MacDermott
Lawyer Keane.....Marcus Moriarty
Alexander McDougal....John D. O'Hara
Michael Donoghue.....Dan Fitzgerald
Bampton .....Arthur Wynn
Priest .....Fred. A. Cordes
Lady Margaret O'Driscoll...A. Augarde
Madame De La Cour.....Corah Adams
The Hon. Emily Pryor.....Belle Daube
Moira, the Widow Cafferty...J. Lamont
Molly Cafferty.....Katharine Moran

EDWARD SHELDON
Author of "Salvation Nell," was born in 1886, entered Harvard in 1904 and graduated with highest honors. The material for his first play was gathered through active association with Salvation Army workers in Chicago, London and New York

"Peggy Machree," in its story, as an opera and a production, is replete with the spirit of Irish revelry and song. It is unique, in that its author, its composer, its orchestra leader and every actor participating in it is Irish. From every point of view it appeals to Irish loyalty and sentiment. Perhaps a good part of the world is Irish at heart, and no one can listen to Mr. O'Mara's singing of *The Wearin' o' th' Green* without being uplifted by the thrill of its meaning and its melody; but the solidarity of its Hibernianism may not, we fear, tend to prolong its jovial and tuneful existence. It may be that Irish audiences will welcome it everywhere, but to the rounders and idle pleasureseekers of the theatre it will prove shockingly decent and moral. The rural maidens, buxom and with red cheeks, are not too short kilted, but just as they bloom and attire themselves in Old Ireland. There is no artificiality in them. They have no smirks for the audience. When they dance, they dance for themselves and without reference to the front rows. It is all purity and innocence and good-heartedness and merriment deeply tinted from Old Ireland. It is old-fashioned honesty and simplicity for the churchgoers, and from such its audiences are plainly recruited. Nevertheless, the opera affords abundant amusement to the sane-minded and the unsophisticated. To such its ultra-romanticism is pleasing. To such its improbabilities and impossibilities are accepted with joy, for the action moves in the enchanted territory of sentiment and song.

The story concerns Lady Margaret O'Driscoll and Barry

Katherine Florence (Allene) John Kellard (The Vampire)
Act. I. The Vampire, although himself responsible for the return of Allene's painting from the exhibition, seeks to console her

John Westley (Caryl Fielding) Katherine Florence (Allene)
Act. II. Allene consoles Caryl, who has suddenly realized that the Vampire, through preying upon his mind, has stolen his ideas

SCENES IN "THE VAMPIRE," DRAMA BY EDGAR ALLAN WOLF AND GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK AT HACKETT'S THEATRE

Trevor. She attends a county fair and takes it into her head to pose as a colleen. Barry falls in love with her and proposes a mock marriage. The ceremony having been performed by a real priest, the marriage is a binding one, which Barry is inclined to take seriously, but her ladyship will have none of it, and parts with him, as she thinks, forever, as he goes off to the wars. When he returns as a wandering fiddler he meets her again and neither recognizes the other, a charming impossibility possible only by reason of the songs it involves. He falls in love with her, and all ends happily when she reappears dressed as a colleen as when they first met. This is all obviously too primitive for the general run of audiences to-day. O'Mara as Barry won his audience from the first with his fine singing of *The Ould Plaid Shawl,* following it up with Moore's tender melody of *Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms, The Exile's Return* and *The Birds Fly South.* With a great variety of songs he entertained in full measure, rising to a triumph in *The West's Awake,* and arousing tearful enthusiasm with *The Wearin' o' th' Green.* Without the grace and skill in acting of some of his predecessors in Irish plays, he has a sincerity in song that will give him popularity. Miss Adrienne Augarde, an English actress, the only foreign one in the cast, apparently was enough of a Celt in appearance and spirit to be at home. The opera is unique, but its success will lie with its unusual characteristics.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE CHAPERON." Comedy in three acts by Marion Fairfax. Produced Dec. 30 with this cast:

Mary	Ada Gilman	Mrs. Heminway	Mrs. Louise Rial
Betty Coombs	Oza Waldrop	Alithia de Morelos	Georgia O'Ramey
Mr. Richard Coombs	J. R. Crauford	Tom Harkins	Theodore M. Morris
Alice Coombs	Suzanne Perry	Ed. Miller	William Harrigan
Mrs. Coombs	Alice Wilson	Bert Partington	Albert Meyer
Kitty Keating	Rene Kelley	Jim Ogden	Julian L'Estrange
Countess Van Tuyle	Maxine Elliott	Count Van Tuyle	Thomas Thorne
Footman	Mahlon Hamilton	A Native	Grant Mitchell

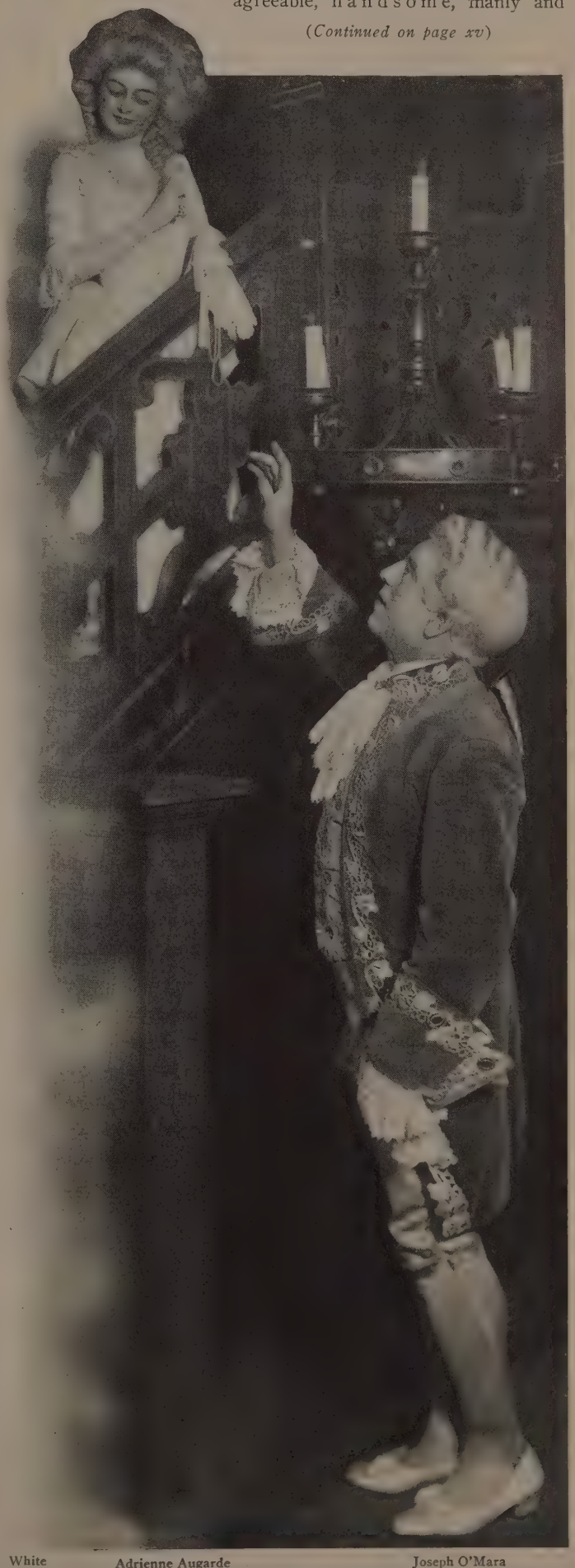
It is a pity that in inaugurating such a charmingly beautiful and refined playhouse as is Maxine Elliott's new theatre in Thirty-ninth street, that the fair and enterprising manageress had not a more satisfying comedy than "The Chaperon" with which to open her season. The theatre is a gem of good taste and comfort; and it is only to be regretted that its chaste and impressive exterior is set amidst such divergent conditions of squalor and commanding commercialism. But, after all, "the play's the thing," and in it the author, Marion Fairfax, is not likely to catch either the conscience of the king or the necessary but elusive dollars of the discriminating public. The play has a capital comedy theme, but the treatment is feeble, and paradoxical as it may sound, its strongest scenes are its moments of greatest inconsequentiality.

Through the illness of a relative, the Countess Van Tuyle, separated from her cad of a foreign husband, is called upon to chaperon a youthful household in the Adirondacks. Her erstwhile admirer, Jim Ogden, turns up and she goes out on the lake in a canoe with him to elude the husband. The canoe springs aleak and they are forced in a wet and bedraggled condition to spend the night on an uninhabited island. The husband appears, and insinuates that he has all the proof needed for a full and absolute divorce. The Countess, however, manages in an ingenious fashion to escape her incriminating position and returns to the house only to find that her youthful charges have all taken advantage of her absence and have become severally engaged. The cad of a husband gives assurance that he is willing to be bought off, and the final curtain falls on the prospect of a marriage between the Countess and Jim.

Miss Fairfax (Mrs. Tully Marshall) is exceedingly happy in her delineation of minor details. They sparkle with life and sincerity. Her subsidiary characters have fixity of purpose and are well sustained. They speak as human beings do and are bright and amusing. But the big act, on the island, the second, is handled with such indecision that it fails of its purpose. It is neither compelling drama nor brilliant comedy. It is as if the author were fearful to express all she felt, which distinctly weakens the interest in both central figures. Miss Elliott in the title rôle looks radiantly beautiful as usual. The part is not an exacting one, but it would seem as if she might make it more vital by expressing a little deeper attention to her work.

Julian L'Estrange as Jim is most agreeable, handsome, manly and

(*Continued on page xv*)



White Adrienne Augarde Joseph O'Mara

PEGGY SINGING "NEVER TRUST TO STRANGERS" IN "PEGGY MACHREE"

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M. DALMORES AS PELLEAS
In "Pélleas et Mélisande"

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GIANOLI-GALETTI, SAMMARCO AND ARIMONDI
In the amusing trio in "Crispino e la Comare" at the Manhattan Opera House

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M. VIEUILLE AS ARKEL
In "Pélleas et Mélisande"

The World of Opera

THESE have been troublous times for the managers of the two opera houses, but the disturbances have been commercial rather than artistic, so they need not detain us very long here. There have been some dissensions between the two managers of the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Gatti-Casazza and Mr. Dippel, but they have been amicably adjusted—at least for the moment. But hardly has this temporary adjustment been reached when the directors of the opera company have asked Mr. Charles Dillingham, a prominent Broadway manager, to examine the books and make a business report. This has set tongues a-wagging and speculators a-speculating. What does it all mean? There are a thousand guesses possible but scarcely a single direct answer. So let us wait instead of indulging in some of the ground and lofty tumbling that has been the procedure of the brethren of the daily press. The truth will come out in due time.

The Manhattan Opera House has not escaped scot free of worriment either, for Mr. Hammerstein found difficulties in the placing of a heavy mortgage on his Philadelphia Opera House, and he announced his intention of abandoning his scheme of grand opera in the City of Brotherly Love—which title he now questions. The matter of the loan has, however, since been satisfactorily settled.

Again, what does it all mean? Have competition and the public cry for great artists and again great artists so tremendously increased the cost of giving of opera that even with the masses eagerly depositing their dollars upon the ledge of the box office the expenses swallow all receipts and still threaten the managers with financial oblivion? Wait until the close of the season, when some of the figures of producing grand opera are disclosed. And then, perhaps, the public will gasp and, recovering, feel a trifle of gratitude to the several men who are financing these mighty projects.

That's in the future. The present has to deal with a couple of novelties produced at the Metropolitan Opera House during the past month for the first time in this country. They bear the euphonious titles of "Le Villi" and "La Wally"—and it is easy to foresee that the wags of the foyer have not allowed the temptations to escape to extract some fun from these names. However that may be is again unimportant, so to the works themselves.

"Le Villi" is a youthful work of Puccini. And when all is said and done it is not easy to discover why the opera was given production here save for sentimental reasons. Puccini is beloved here for his "La Bohême," "Tosca" and "Madama Butterfly." And it is not at all likely that the public estimation of this composer has risen even a hair's breadth by the hearing of "Le Villi." Not that the latter work is not interesting, for it is—to the student of opera, who always has a clinging curiosity to know from whence composers derive. And in "Le Villi" you will hear passages that the critical ear may designate as the germ of some episodes in the later works of the distinguished Italian composer.

Falk MARIANNE FLAHAUT AS AMNERIS IN "AIDA"
Belgian contralto who recently made her début at the Metropolitan Opera House with great success

Yet, what has the great public to do with such niceties of curiosity? The plot of "Le Villi" is infantile, dramatically, and the music is — youthful. There you have the gist of it. It can hardly be counted a happy choice for a new production nor is it likely to rank alongside of great artistic successes that are associated with this opera establishment.

The cast embodies but three singers—a girl, her lover and her father, and these rôles were amply well filled by Frances Alda, Bonci, and Amato, respectively. They all acquitted themselves with credit, Toscanini conducted the work as though he loved it, and the two scenes were pretty enough to fill the needs.

The other novelty, "La Wally," was a happier choice. It is by Alfredo Catalini, a composer of some posthumous fame, for his heart broke at the refusal of fate to send him success. Toscanini has been busy making propaganda for Catalini at La Scala, so it was easy to understand why the work was brought out at the Metropolitan. The libretto is by Luigi Illica, and it is based upon an old-fashioned sample of German romance, written by the Baroness von

Hillern. It is not wise to take the libretto too seriously, at the same time it has a certain dramatic significance that was absent in such wholesale quantities in "Le Villi." And the music of "La Wally" is certainly that of a talented composer—not a great one, hardly one whose name will take its place beside the Italians of famous musical stature. There are some very effective bits in it, the first act especially being "well composed," the music marking the various incidents in a manner that speaks of much promise. The second act has a fine dance episode that lends life to the score, and while the third act is musically weak its dramatic tenseness somewhat atones for the other lack; but the final act is very weak, and the public's tearbags are not unsluiced by the dénouement.

The performance was admirable. Destinn sang the title rôle with a lot of temperament, and Riccardo Martin—who has made rapid strides, and during the past month has been coming prominently to the fore—was excellent as Hagenbach. Amato was a fine and sonorous disappointed lover, and Campanari acted the small part of a drunken soldier, but he did this with artistic endeavor that made his work stand forth and invite much praise. The scenic settings are effective, and Toscanini brought out of the score every imaginable atom of meaning and effect.

One curious comment is invited by the novelties at the Metropolitan this season, and that is that "Tiefland," "Le Villi" and "La Wally" are all "peasant" operas—a type of work which usually interests the aristocratic gathering at this opera house very little.

There have been other items of novelty at the Metropolitan which cry for cataloguing, and chief among these was the performance of "Götterdämmerung," conducted by Toscanini. There was a lot of curiosity rampant about the noted Italian's reading of this work, and even the most sanguine expected the performance would be tinged by soft Italian sentimentalizings over the Teutonic score. But, as a matter of fact, it was simply a tremendous interpretation of this music drama. It was enormous in its dramatic moments, and the details were worked out with marvelous artistic care. What was most impressive about it all was the fine plasticity of the reading. In other respects, too, was this performance admirable, for Fremstad sang the Brünnhilde for the first time in her career, and she gave a performance that simply heaped new laurels upon her head. It was a reading that was stirring in its dramatic action, and there was that fine insight into the meaning of the rôle that is given to a small percentage of all the artists who attempt this part. Mr. Schmedes was not a wonderful Siegfried, but Mr. Hinckley's Hagen was stunningly sinister. The stage management was excellent, and the chorus sang with a savage realism that gave life and meaning to this otherwise stupid chorus—the only one in the entire "Ring."

And then, in the welter of repetitions, a new voice was heard at this house, and it deserves especial mention. She, the handsome possessor, is Marianne Flahaut, a contralto—or at least a mezzo from the Paris Grand Opera, and she made her first regal appearance here as Amneris in "Aïda." It is unquestionably a voice of very good quality—not rumbling in its lower notes as so many singers of her type affect, but rather impressive because of its beauty of tone. She has a strikingly handsome presence, and in her acting she displays the knowledge of stage routine. It goes without saying that she betrayed some signs of nervousness on the occasion of her first appearance here, and also did it seem that she had not yet "found" herself vocally in this strange and vast auditorium. But she stands in need of no apologies, for she promises to be a valuable addition to the Metropolitan ensemble.

Chief in interest at the Manhattan has been the re-appearance there of Melba, who came, sang and conquered as probably she has not done here before—at least not in recent years. Her stay was a very limited one. She, so to speak, simply dropped in for a few minutes on the way from London to Australia—for this artist globe trots with a vengeance. But how she did sing! She appeared again in some of her familiar rôles—Gilda, Violetta, and Mimi; and she also added a new character to her gallery, namely that of Desdemona in Verdi's "Otello." It is a part that fits her exquisitely in spots, while at other times she is not altogether at her best in it. The sheerly lyric moments, in the first and last acts particularly were wonderfully sung, and the audience frankly said so by its approval.

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SIGNOR SAMMARCO AS IAGO IN "OTELLO"

Zenatello sang the Moor in this performance, and the rôle suits him better than does any other in which he has been heard here. His voice and style lend themselves finely to the brutal demands of this part, and he acts it with a fine show of temperament. Sammarco, as Iago, must be credited with having sung this music excellently—as he does almost every rôle he attempts—but let us draw a cloak over his dramatic interpretation of the fiend Iago. He lacked almost every particle of subtlety, and shorn of this, much of the importance of the rôle disappeared. There was nothing sinister or glowering in his Iago. He was a nice young man who stirred up trouble in the household of the "lion" as he would stir the sugar in his demie-tasse.

Then there's "Pélleas et Mélisande," which has been revived at this opera house again, once more setting forth all the mysteries composed into it by Débussy—the arch master of atmosphere. It

OLGA NETHERSOLE IN W. J. HURLBUT'S NEW PLAY "THE WRITING ON THE WALL"
In this piece by the author of "The Fighting Hope," Miss Nethersole appears as Barbara Lawrence, a society woman interested in tenement reform. Barbara's husband is a type of the modern American business man, unscrupulous in his efforts to accumulate money. One of the worst tenements which Barbara tries to have torn down is owned by her husband. This discovery comes a few days before a Christmas tree celebration she has planned for the tenement, and the husband, to pacify her, orders new fire escapes—or pretends to do so. Barbara sends her own child to the Christmas tree celebration; there is a terrible fire, and the rotten condition, due to the husband's unscrupulous avarice, leads to the death of their own child

was presented with practically the same cast as last season, Mary Garden once more impersonating the rôle of Mélisande with an artistic finesse that was nothing short of marvelous. There was a new Pélleas—none other than Dalmores, that fine, valuable tenor. He essayed this rôle for the first time and made a success of it. Dufranne was the Golaud again, and Vieuille sang the old king Arkel—a part new to him here.

A further attempt at opera pantomime was made here when Odette Valery danced "La Mort de Cléopatre," the music of which was composed by the French musician, Louis Ganne. Valery invented the dance herself, and it gives her opportunities to display her sinuosity and also a live snake, which she received in a basket imbedded in flowers. The snake curls and twines for a while and then it nips her and Cléopatre dies, but all Egypt was not there to see her dying, neither did the audience weep. This dancer is good to look upon, but the music in the present case is not very notable—and the whole scheme seems to have little in common with the importance that attaches itself here to the giving of grand opera.

"Crispino e la Comare"—that old-fashioned opera even among old-fashioned works—was revived again, for the benefit of Tetrazzini doubtless, for here she finds opportunity for florid display of her marvelously agile voice. For the rest there have been repetitions of interest. Between performance hours this ensemble has been bustling about to get Richard Strauss' "Salome" ready for production by the end of the month—and that promises to be the most notable feature of the Manhattan Opera season.

Concerts galore have there been. Space crowds out the mention of most of these, but there stands finely forth the double appearance of the Russian violinist, Mischa Elman, at the Boston Symphony Orchestra, when he played the concertos of Beethoven and Brahms on successive and successful occasions. He is a marvelous lad of seventeen, who gave a performance of Brahms that was astounding for its conception and temperament. In the Beethoven there were moments when the listener longed for a bit more maturity. That will surely come. At present the splurges of temperament are simply an index to his age—or, to be exact—his youth, and they are very interesting and surely offend no one, nor do they violate the sanctity of the classic compositions. The Boston Symphony on one of these occasions played Noren's "Kaleidoscope Variations," a work much discussed abroad—and they proved to be very clever and again clever—but little else.

An Elgar Symphony had its first presentation in this country at the hands of the New York Symphony Society under Walter Damrosch, and it proved to be a work of a thoughtful musician. The four movements are punctuated by some very interesting moments. This composer at least has something to say.

There occurred, of course, the usual lack of concerts during the Christmastide, but no one wept. X. X. X.

Photos Hughes Co., Balto.

Consuelo Bailey and Schuyler Ladd — Thomas Thorne as "Dopey" McKnight — Katherine De Barry as "Mamma"

CHARACTERS IN ROY McCARDELL'S PLAY "THE GAY LIFE" TO BE SEEN AT WEBER'S THEATRE

Behind the Scenes in Vaudeville

PEOPLE who attend vaudeville performances know but little of the lives led by those who entertain them. Stars of the legitimate drama, the opera and the musical comedy are often the subjects of articles in magazines and newspapers, but the personal side of the vaudeville artist, who has few such chances for publicity, is comparatively unknown. What manner of men and women then are these who gain their living by "doing two a day"? As a rule, they are hard working people who live simply and save their money. There is little of the glitter of a musical comedy about the vaudeville stage, and "Johnnies" are not given to hanging around its entrance.

The vaudeville business is always a more or less lonely one for those who follow it, for, appearing as the performers do with different persons each week, they have but slight opportunity to form close friendships. The professional friends of vaudeville performers are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the United States, and they do not, as a rule, make acquaintances in the cities and towns in which they play. They are not usually sought after socially, as are many legitimate actors and actresses, and they are entirely without that companionship which comes from long association, which is the privilege of members of a regularly organized theatrical company.

In spite of these disadvantages, however, the business has its bright side. Those who follow it make more money, do less work, and are afforded greater scope for their individual talents than any other members of the theatrical profession below stellar rank. A man or woman who would hardly receive more than twenty-five dollars a week on the legitimate stage may easily make twice or thrice that sum in vaudeville, but in order to do so he or she must be able to "deliver the goods." This delivering the goods is by no means as easy as it seems, and many really good actors have tried to do it and failed, where persons of far less intellectual attainments have succeeded. The reasons for this are found in the somewhat different class who compose the audiences and in the altered conditions under which the actor works. The legitimate actor has two or three hours in which to develop his characters and present his situations; the vaudeville player must do it in twenty or thirty minutes. With the limited amount of time at his command, it is absolutely necessary that the performer should catch and hold the attention of his audience from the moment of his entrance to the termination of his act.

Vaudeville artists are divided into several general classes—players of sketches, monologists, sidewalk talkers, singers, dancers, musical artists, acrobats, jugglers, and animal trainers. Almost all acts come under one of these heads. The people who appear in sketches, especially those of the higher order, are usually recruited from the regular stage, as are many of the singers and the women who appear in "girl acts"; the acrobats and animal trainers come largely from the circuses; and the dancers, musical artists, sidewalk talkers, jugglers, monologists and magicians are the professional, if not the actual, descendants of the people who used to be known as variety performers.

LEONA RADNOR
Will be seen shortly in a Broadway production

WILLIAM NORRIS
Played "Doc" Filkins in "Father and Son" at the Majestic

Davis & Eickemeyer BONNIE MAUD
With Marie Cahill in "The Boys and Betty" at Wallacks'

The arrangement of the bill of a vaudeville theatre is something which requires considerable skill on the part of the manager in order that acts of a similar nature may not follow each other and that the stage hands may have time to properly set up the scenery without delaying the performance. The usual bill consists of from eight to ten numbers, half of which require but a part of the stage for their presentation. An act which takes place in front of the curtain is said to be in "one," because those who appear in it use only the first entrance; similarly an act is in "two," "three," or "full stage," according to the amount of space which it requires. Some acts are so arranged that they open in "three" and close in "one," thus allowing scenery to be set up while they are still in progress. Big spectacular acts often have two scenes in "three" or "full stage" divided by a turn in "one." Some acts carry their own scenery, others use that which the local house provides. Artists always provide their own music, and at most theatres a rehearsal with the orchestra usually takes place on the first morning of the engagement.

When it comes to question of salaries, in no line of work is the pay higher than it is in vaudeville. Lillian Russell and Elsie Janis are both reported to have received $3,000 a week during brief engagements, and there are perhaps a dozen persons who never appear for less than a third of this sum, and who have all the work that they desire. These salaries are, of course, paid only to the highest class of artists, but there are plenty of people who make two or three hundred dollars a week and who have very little open time. A good sketch, cleverly presented, is often worth $500 or $600 a week, and song and dance people frequently make from $50 to $100 apiece out of their acts. Strangely enough acrobats, who require years of practice to perfect their feats, are among the poorest paid people in the profession. A very fair two people acrobatic turn can be secured for $100, and even the best ones rarely cost the management over $500. Girl acts which require the services of a half a dozen or more shapely females, who can both sing and dance, are usually put on by some of the big producers like Joe Hart or Jesse Lasky, who pay all expenses connected with them and figure to make a good profit. Such acts, if successful, often net their producers from $5,000 to $10,000 a season; the girls who play in them receiving from $20 to $30 a week.

A good sketch is a veritable gold mine to its owner. W. H. Murphy and Blanch Nichols have been presenting their screaming farce, "From Uncle Tom to Zaza," for nearly five years, and it is still as successful as ever, and there are a number of sketches now being played which are still older. Acrobatic and juggling turns remain practically the same year after year, although new stunts occasionally replace the old ones. The audience little guesses the amount of time and patience which it requires to get a trick of this class into shape for presentation, to say nothing of the danger involved. The Piroscoffis, who do a wonderful juggling act with plates, practiced it daily for *six years* before they were ready to show it to the public. Think of it! Six years of constant practice to perfect a trick which takes hardly half a minute to present, and which is only a single incident of their performance.

Performers, or managers of acts, pay all transportation expenses except on what is

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S NEW THEATRE, WEST THIRTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Photo White

Act III. Jim: "I'm sorry I let my pride stand between us two years ago"

MAXINE ELLIOTT AND JULIAN L'ESTRANGE IN "THE CHAPERON" AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

Moffett, Chicago FRANCES RING AS HILDA IN "THE WOLF"

known as the Orpheum Circuit, which extends from the Middle West to the Pacific Coast.

Having thus glanced at the technical side of the vaudeville business, let us now go behind the scenes and see how the artists look at close range. In watching a bill from behind for the first time, one is at once struck with the great dissimilarity of the people who compose it. In a theatrical company the actors and actresses have more or less in common and their interests are to some extent similar; but in vaudeville this is not so. Americans and foreigners, white men and negroes, people of refinement and those without it, all occupy the stage in turn as the card boy shifts the numbers.

If one arrives early, say about 7:30, for an evening performance, he will have a chance to glance around a bit before the scene shifters begin their work. At this hour, the dimly lighted stage presents a most unromantic appearance. Stacked up in the wings are pieces of scenery, chairs, tables, sideboards and other furnishings, acrobatic apparatus, musical instruments and dozens of other articles which the performers use in their acts; overhead is a maze of painted "drops," and suspended from the girders and tucked away in odd corners are thunder sheets, wind machines, baskets of broken crockery and other objects used in producing stage effects.

Soon the artists begin to arrive, singly, in couples, and in groups. Each goes first to the letter rack in search of mail, after which they scatter among the various dressing rooms. Whether the dressing rooms are large and comfortable, or small and inconveniently located, depends upon the theatre; in some houses they are all that could be desired, in others they are simply disgraceful. In the better grade vaudeville houses, however, the performers have little to complain of in this respect. Whatever the grade of the room, each contains a well lighted mirror, a make-up shelf, a chair, and a row of hooks on which to hang costumes.

As the people go to their rooms, one notices that the great majority of the men and women who appear together on the bill are married, and thus share the same room. It is a big advantage to a woman engaged in this line of business to be married to the man with whom she works, as it saves her from being compelled to share her dressing room with some member of her own sex who may be most uncongenial.

While the artists are making up, the stage hands arrive, and about eight o'clock they begin to set the scene for the first number on the bill. Vaudeville settings are not, as a rule, very elaborate, and a scene can easily be assembled by an experienced crew in less than five minutes. After the orchestra has finished its selection, the stage manager takes his place by the switchboard, the lights in front go down, those behind go up, the curtain rises, and the first number is on. This is almost always something in which lines are not required to any great extent, as late arrivals in the audience make it difficult to hear spoken words. An inexpensive acrobatic turn makes an excellent opening number for a bill, and acts of this kind are largely used for this purpose.

While the first number is on, a couple of sidewalk talkers, or perhaps a song and dance team stand quietly chatting in the wings, and no sooner is the curtain down than they dash on in "one" and proceed to earn their money. During the time that they are amusing the house, the first scene is struck, and that of the third number is assembled, and so the performance continues, sketches, singers, dancers, magicians, jugglers, monologists, trained animals, girl acts, and acrobatic stunts following each other in rapid succession.

On a bill of eight numbers, number six is usually reserved for the top-liner attraction, unless it is an animal, acrobatic, or girl act, in which case it is often placed last. The task of "opening the show" is considered the least desirable position on the program. When several changes of costume have to be made in the course of a single act, the performers usually have a chance to go to their rooms for that purpose, but sometimes this is impossible, and then changes have to be made directly in the wings. To see a girl act make changes in the latter manner is somewhat startling to a novice, but as the girls wear their several costumes under each other, there is really nothing shocking about it.

The person who goes behind expecting to see at close range a continuation of the fascinations which look so alluring from the front will be sadly disappointed. For the people who make their living upon it, the stage is not a playground, but the workshop in which they earn their daily bread, and while there they conduct themselves as properly as does the machinist at his lathe or the clerk at his desk. When their turns are over they wash the paint and powder from their faces, don their street clothes and go quietly about their personal business. Many of them save considerable portions of their earnings and look eagerly forward to the day when they can leave the theatre altogether and settle down comfortably in a home of their own. FRED GILBERT BLAKESLEE.

The Actor in the Street

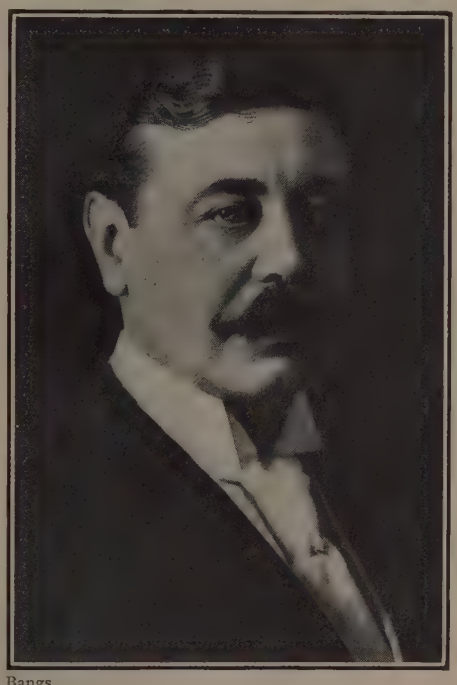
"THE actor, perhaps, more than any other person, observes things," said Wilton Lackaye in his dressing room at the Savoy Theatre after the second act of "The Battle."

"We must notice the little peculiarities and eccentricities of different persons, in order that we may portray them truthfully on the stage. After years of acting it becomes second nature for an actor to note the manners and distinguishing points of persons in various walks and conditions of life. The carriage and demeanor, as well as the voice and expression of men and women under different conditions, social and otherwise, are instantaneously photographed on the mind of the thoughtful and experienced actor. Often one person stands out more clearly than another, but the truthful stage characterization is a composite of many living persons. It is rarely ever that an actor builds his part around any one person, unless it be for the purpose of burlesque or imitation of a certain character. Take my part in 'The Battle,' for instance. John J. Haggleton is a composite of several present-day millionaires.

"First of all, however, the actor must have formed some definite idea of the character he portrays. Acting is from within out, the same as all art, the same as the divine principle of life. The plant grows from within out, and so must the actor portray his part. He must himself feel and absorb the part before he can give an outward interpretation of it to his audience. And how is an actor to do this unless he has observed the people about him? Hardly a day goes by but that I see some person or persons in the street and elsewhere that suggest certain vital points to me for my stage characterizations. Like the sculptor, I mould each striking characteristic into my part. Sometimes it is several years before I have a chance to use a certain salient characteristic I have seen and observed in actual life, but it is woven into my being to be used some time or other as naturally as if it were one of my own natural characteristics. In short, it has become a part of me. I met Haggleton several years ago, and as I first read the lines of the part the original Haggleton, who had occupied a place—shall I say furnished room?—in my mind, came out and spoke the lines for me, acting them as he conducted himself in real life.

"The whole thing hangs on the old, old proverb that 'art conceals art.'"

Wilton Lackaye is an actor of many parts. He has probably played as many different parts as any living actor. It would be impossible to recall all of them—even he long ago lost count—but he has interpreted very nearly every personal trait and manner as we find them in our life. He has made it a business to study people as he finds them in actual life. Like every thoughtful actor, Mr. Lackaye says the streets are the greatest schools in the world. "There one finds life," he says.



Bangs

WILTON LACKAYE

When Mr. Lackaye was engaged to play the District Attorney in the play of that name some years ago, he made several visits to the District Attorney's office and the Criminal Courts, and spent much time watching and studying one of the best district attorneys New York ever had.

"I did not want the play to have the slightest suggestion of a burlesque, and as I had never held office as a district attorney I decided to go and see the real character at work," Mr. Lackaye said. "I spent so much time in that grimy criminal courtroom that in my sleep I seemed to hear the district attorney grilling witnesses, and I would awake with a start to hear sentence pronounced on the defendant. It nearly drove me to the madhouse, but I was determined to get at the bottom of the character."

After this the actor gave to the public one of the most remarkable portrayals of character that the stage has ever known. This was his creation of the half-mad musician Svengali in "Trilby."

"I saw the original of Svengali in France," he said. "I took my portrayal from actual life, and with the aid of the playwright's lines I was able to transplant the actual living Svengali to the stage. I followed the original around in the streets of Paris, to the cafés and classes, and for weeks I had him under surveillance. All this time I was forming not only a true mental picture of the character, but I was absorbing his nature and becoming thoroughly acquainted with his ways. In my make-up I carefully reproduced, as far as possible, every dominant feature of the original. Svengali was the most interesting of all the rôles that I have acted. There was so much to it."

When he was studying the part of "Reb" Shemuel in Israel Zangwill's "The Children of the Ghetto," Mr. Lackaye went to the Ghetto in the East Side of New York, and for weeks mingled among the orthodox Jews. Several times he sat unknown

MR. LACKAYE
As Jean Valjean in "Les Miserables"

MR. LACKAYE
As John Haggleton in "The Battle"

Photos Hall M. O. Parry A. M. Hartwell E. M. Woolley R. M. Byrnes

SOME OF THE YALE BOYS WHO APPEARED IN SHERIDAN'S COMEDY "THE CRITIC" AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA ON JAN. 4 LAST

in the Essex Market Police Court and studied the types of Jews as they came there. One day a rabbi entered the courtroom, having been summoned to solemnize a wedding in a seduction case.

"That's 'Reb' Shemuel," thought the actor, and as the rabbi left the courtroom after the wedding he followed him through Grand Street, Pitt, and Clinton, and other of the Ghetto's byways.

"My 'Reb' Shemuel was true to life because I made him so. I took pains to copy every detail of the Jew's dress and make-up, and to portray his mannerisms. I remember after the first night Mr. Zangwill came to me and asked me where I got my idea for my part. 'Your Shem is an exact reproduction of the original as I at first found him in London,' he said.

"I told him I had found the real Shemuel in New York's Ghetto, and he said he would like to see him. So we went down to Grand and Pitt streets one afternoon, and before I had time to point the rabbi out Mr. Zangwill cried aloud:

"There, there — there is my 'Shem'! The last time I saw him was in 'Houndsditch' — he was coming through Petticoat Lane."

"As I said before, I rarely ever build up a characterization around any one man, except in the cases of Svengali and 'Reb' Shemuel, but I did keep one broker in mind while playing 'The Pit.' I will not say who it was—it might cause a little hard feeling. But, anyway, I had an experience in Wall Street, and I nearly had my clothes torn off me during the Leiter wheat slump in Chicago. I happened to be there and, as Eddie Foy used to sing, 'It was just because, because, because I happened to be there!' One sees plenty of Curtis Jadwins, good fellows, but too much bound up in stocks. There is always a slump you know."

In 1906 Mr. Lackaye made his own acting version of Hugo's "Les Miserables," which he called "The Law and the Man," himself appearing as Jean Valjean.

"When I was in France," said the actor, "I would go all over the ground described by Hugo in his story, walking at night and alone as much as possible, that I might absorb the atmosphere of the book. I would picture to myself Valjean being hounded by Javert, and every time I stumbled upon a policeman I would stiffen up, forgetting for the moment that I was plain Wilton Lackaye. That's all there is in acting—having the knack of putting yourself in some other fellow's skin."

Mr. Lackaye was educated for the priesthood at Ottawa University, but later studied law at Georgetown University. While there he joined the Lawrence Barrett Dramatic Association, of which he later became the president. He met Lawrence Barrett in 1883, and made his first appearance on the professional stage in that splendid actor's company as Lucentio in "Francesca da Rimini." In 1887, Mr. Lackaye joined Fanny Davenport, and made a hit as Robert Le Diable in "Allen Dare." He also appeared with great success in "The Clemenceau Case," "Aristocracy," "Dr. Belgraff," "Quo Vadis," "Don Cæsar's Return," "The Transgressor," "The New Woman," "The Price of Peace," "A Modern Magdalen," "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," "The Great Unknown," "Colorado," and other plays.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

B. J. Falk, N. Y.

BERTHA GALLAND

Now appearing in "The Return of Eve," a new play by Lee W. Dodd

Photo White

FRANCES STARR, NOW AT THE STUYVESANT IN EUGENE WALTER'S NEW PLAY "THE EASIEST WAY"

This clever young actress who was elevated to stellar dignity two years ago in "The Rose of the Rancho," was born in California in 1886. She first attracted attention in New York acting small parts in Proctor's Stock Company, and after a successful appearance at the Garrick in "Gallops," she was engaged by Mr. Belasco as leading woman for David Warfield in "The Music Master." Then came her appearance as Juanita in "The Rose of the Rancho," a part which she invested with so much spontaneous charm and naturalness that her popularity with our theatregoing public was assured forthwith

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MARIA LABIA

Maria Labia—Youngest of Dramatic Sopranos

"HOW young she is!" This is almost the first impression made by the fascinating Italian young prima donna of the Manhattan Opera House. It is due not to any effort on the singer's part to impress the visitor with her youthfulness; indeed she laughingly declares she is older than she must seem—although, as a matter of fact, she is barely twenty-five.

Of less than medium height, with a round, pretty figure, Maria Labia, Comtesse Labia, as she is entitled to be styled, is even better looking off the stage than on, for, seen closely, one can admire the beauty of her large, soft, dark eyes, her exquisitely curved mouth, the rounded oval of her face, the clear, pale complexion, where a faint color comes and goes, and the rapid changes of expression which pass over her mobile countenance. Her dark hair is worn very simply, in braids, brought rather low over her temples, but leaving her forehead bare. It is not a style which would be generally becoming, but it suits her. The elbow sleeves of a soft, clinging house gown of white crêpe de chine, left her round white arms exposed, and they taper down to little wrists, and small, delicate hands.

MARIA LABIA AS CARMEN

Signora Labia comes of a musical family. Her grandmother was an opera singer, and her mother, although never a professional, had a fine voice, which was thoroughly cultivated in accordance with the old Italian method of *bel canto*. Two sisters of our Labia were musicians, one a violinist, who abandoned a professional career after her marriage, the other, Fausta Labia, well known in Italy as a dramatic soprano, married a tenor, and in spite of the cares of a family, still sings in public, although at somewhat rare intervals. She, like her youngest sister Maria, was taught singing by her mother, and the signora now accompanies her youngest daughter wherever she goes, and naturally takes the deepest interest in her career.

When still in her teens, Maria Labia made a concert tour of Russia, winning praise for her beautiful voice and excellent singing. Contrary to some reports, it was in Stockholm that her operatic début was made, as Mimi, in "La Bohême," which has always been one of her favorite rôles. Here she remained for two seasons, singing always in Italian. At the end of this time the director of the Berlin *Komische Oper* heard her sing, and engaged her for his theatre, although at that time the young singer knew not one word of German. Nothing daunted, she set to work, and in just two weeks had sufficiently mastered the words of her rôle to be able to attend the rehearsals. Three weeks later she made her début.

"I studied night and day," she said, clasping her forehead with a characteristic, expressive gesture. "Of course, it was very difficult, but I managed it. The opera in which I made my Berlin début was "Tosca," that was rather

MARIA LABIA AS LA TOSCA

interesting, too, for it was the first time they had been able to give the work at the *Komische Oper*. Hitherto Ricordi had always positively refused to allow them to produce it, although they had repeatedly tried to persuade him to give them permission. But Ricordi is very determined. When he learned that I had been engaged to sing there, however, and that they had an Italian, Signor Tango, as orchestral director, he gave the much desired consent, for, said he: 'With two Italians they will perhaps be able to preserve the Italian spirit necessary.' So we gave it, and it made a great sensation. At the *Komische Oper* I remained until I came here, singing the leading rôles 'Il Ballo in Maschera,' 'La Bohême,' 'Carmen,' 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' 'I Pagliacci,' 'Mefistofele,' and creating the rôle of Marta in 'Tiefland.' Oh, how sorry I am that I am not to sing that rôle here, for I love it! They do not understand the opera here—that's why it failed to please. They do not seem in sympathy with it. I cannot understand why. The drama is so beautiful, the German words so poetic, I do not believe they could be translated without losing much of their beauty. I witnessed the first performance at the Metropolitan and could not understand the public indifference. They actually left before the last great scene. That is something we never see in Europe. I must say it gave me a very strange impression on the night of my début here to see people getting up and leaving the theatre as I stood over the dead body of Mario. I could not understand it. Since then, however, they have remained longer. The audiences at the Manhattan do not seem so anxious to leave before the end of the opera as those at the Metropolitan.

"Another reason that it made such an impression upon me is because the night before a début, or singing a new rôle, I am very nervous, and I almost always have the same dream. I dream that I am singing, and everyone gets up and leaves the theatre. It is a veritable nightmare! So you may fancy how it seemed to see a part of the dream come true. Then, the applause which greeted the singers as they made their first appearance was quite new to me, although, of course, it is customary in Italy. In Berlin it almost never occurs, unless some pause in the music gives opportunity, then rarely. And it seemed so strange when, after singing the prayer in 'Tosca,' and while on my knees, the audience applauded. I did not know quite what to do, but finally I nodded to the conductor to go on. Of course, I am becoming used to these things now, and enjoy the applause, as is natural, I suppose, for I like to feel that I have pleased the audience, yet it does interrupt the action sadly, do you not think so?

"Your American opera houses are very big. The opera house in Philadelphia, especially, is the largest theatre I have ever seen; in fact, larger than I ever imagined a theatre. In Berlin everything is more *intime*. I did not intend to come to America so soon, you know. It was all Mr. Hammerstein's doing. He heard me sing in 'Tiefland' one night. The next morning—I was but just dressed—he called. When I went into the drawing room he removed his famous hat, and said: 'I want you for America. I will sign a five years' contract with you.'

"'Oh, I am not ready for America yet,' I objected. Not for two years at least. I want to stay here and get a repertoire.'

"'No,' said he. 'You are coming now.' And, you see, I came. I expected to sing only five operas in America: 'Tosca,' 'La Bohême,' 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' 'Carmen' and 'I Pagliacci.' I only included those five operas in my contract, but I suppose I shall sing others just the same, that of the Princesse D'Auberge, for instance, for you know what Mr. Hammerstein is!" E. LATHROP.

MARIA LABIA AS MIMI IN "LA BOHEME"

Plays Worth Seeing—"Salvation Nell"

"SALVATION NELL"* is a drama of the slums. It is an amazingly close and effective representation of underworld life in a great city and its spiritual element is even more effective and potent, for it sets forth the regeneration of a human soul and the active, consistent and persistent influences of the Salvation Army. The opening scene shows Sid McGovern's barroom on Tenth avenue, an astonishingly realistic representation of dives of its kind, and filled with the usual shifting crowd of loafers with depraved instincts, some of them thieves and thugs, all of them with strong appetite for drink. The various types engage in a series of episodes giving what would seem to be the final touch in minute stage realism. A sensation is caused among the habitués of the place by a police raid upon a house of ill repute. The inmates are taken to the station house in the patrol wagon amid the jeers of the spectators, all but one, a young woman named Myrtle, who takes refuge in McGovern's barroom. Nell Saunders, the scrub woman of the saloon, lives with Jim Platt, a criminal drunkard and brute. One of the loungers, a member of the gang, forces his attentions upon Nell, and Jim enters while she is struggling in his arms. In a savage onslaught Jim kills the man, and the police take him away. Myrtle sympathizes with the wretched Nell and urges her to leave her squalid poverty and hard work and take up her own gay life. Among other visitors to the saloon is Hallelujah Maggie, an energetic Salvation worker who also feels sorry for Nell's unhappy condition. But Sid McGovern, threatened with the loss of his license, on account of the fight, puts all the blame on the unfortunate scrub woman, who thus sees herself deprived of work and shelter. The barkeeper in a rage calls her:

Byron Holbrook Blinn Mrs. Fiske
Act III. Nell: "A great river is between us, Jim"

NELL (*slowly turning her head*): Yes, sir! (*She is pale and dry-eyed, her face slightly distorted.*)

SID (*threateningly*): I'll give ye fifteen minutes to sneak it, an' if yer don't quit on the dot I'll kick ye out myself—s'elp me, Gawd!

NELL (*after moving her lips a moment, unable to speak*): Wh—where'll I go?

SID: Out that door. Understand?

NELL (*struggling to her feet*): Yes, sir.

SID: I'll pay what I owe yer. (*Goes to the upper end of the bar.*)

CHRIS JOHNSON (*a typical loafer*): Aw, say! 'Twan't really her fault!

SID (*blazing up*): Shut yer dam' face! (*Goes to cash register. He pulls open the cash drawer and takes out some money; then returns to Nell.*)

NELL (*in the same dry voice*): Say, Mr. McGovern, won't yer wait till mornin'?

SID (*at the cash register*): Like hell I will! (*Pause, goes to Nell*) Four seventy-five. (*Enter Myrtle.*) That's up-to-date an' over. Now take yer duds and git. (*Enter Myrtle by the "Family Entrance." She crosses to the partition-door in time to hear the rest. Sid turns to the bar.*)

MYRTLE (*at partition door, to one of the silent spectators*): Say, been a scrap 'bout that girl?

CHRIS JOHNSON: Yesh! Al. McGovern got laid out.

MYRTLE (*to Nell*): Say, come in here an' tell me 'bout it. (*Taking her by the arm into buffet. Both enter buffet and sit at table.*)

CHRIS JOHNSON (*at bar, timidly*): Gettin' colder, ain't it? Guess I'll have another rye. (*He puts his glass on the bar.*)

SID (*grimly*): I guess ye won't! (*To the other loafers*) Beat it, now—all of ye! They're keepin' tab on me t'night!

MYRTLE (*to Nell*): Has he bounced ye?

NELL (*dully*): Yes.

MYRTLE: 'Tain't no use talkin' to a fat man when he gits really mad! Where yer goin'?

NELL: I dunno.

MYRTLE: Any cash?

NELL (*in the same dazed manner*): Yes.

MYRTLE: How much?

NELL: Four seventy-four.

MYRTLE: That all?

NELL: Yes.

MYRTLE: Well, no girl can't live *decent* on *that!* (*Decidedly*) Yer've gotter come back with me.

NELL: What?

MYRTLE (*impatiently*): To Cloquette's. There ain't nothin' else fer ye now!

NELL: Ain't there?

MYRTLE (*imaginatively*): Why ye never would come before beats me! Ter stay scrubbin' 'round here, an' hittin' it up with a regular bum—where's he been the last two weeks?

NELL: Over in Jersey—looking for work.

MYRTLE: Jersey! (*She laughs*): Yer easy meat, Nell! He's been hangin' round with that Keeney woman. (*Rises, goes to table and stands facing Nell.*) I've watched 'em from my winder an'——

NELL: Oh! (*A cry.*)

MYRTLE (*soothingly*): Lie back! Lie back! What's the good o' gettin' sore? Now here's yer chance—that guy out o' the way—no job—(*Looking at her critically*) You get a fair-sized pomp an' some decent duds an' a few drinks—why, yer'd be a different girl!—say, you'll make a hit! They're all crazy over blondes—an'——

NELL (*dully*): I gotter go. (*Starts. She suddenly begins beating her hands together.*)

MYRTLE (*goes to Nell. Soothingly*): So that's O. K.! We've got it all fixed up! The Madam'll be tickled to death when she's bailed out in the mornin'! Go get yer things. I'll wait here.

(*Nell obediently goes down stairs.*)

CHRIS JOHNSON (*the last man to go*): S'long, Sid.

SID (*laconically*): S'long.

KID (*just outside*): Come on! God, it's cold!

CHRIS JOHNSON (*as he departs*): Nearly twelve. Good beginnin' fer Christmas, ain't it? (*Both exit.*)

SID (*to himself*): Hell! (*To Squirt*) Got 'nough rye t'last over t'morrow?

SQUIRT (*not daring to catch his eye*): Dunno.

SID: Dam' it, didn't I tell yer to see? Go lock that door!

(*He opens a trap and climbs down the cellar stairs, still grumbling to himself. Squirt goes into the buffet.*)

MYRTLE (*unconcernedly arranging her hair*): Sid's sort o' peeved, ain't he?

SQUIRT (*locks door*): Ye'd better not let him catch ye.

MYRTLE: Lord! I can manage *him!* An' b'sides I'm waitin' fer Nelly. Say, Squirt, mix me two Scotch highballs like a good kid, will ye?

SID (*calling from below*): Squirt! Bring down a candle! Think I can see in the dark?

SQUIRT (*to Myrtle*): Wait a sec.

(*Lights a candle at the bar and hastily goes down into trap. Myrtle strolls into the main room and begins mixing the cocktails herself, whistling as she does so.*)

(*Enter Hallelujah Maggie by the main entrance.*)

MAGGIE (*to Myrtle*): Where's that girl?

MYRTLE: Gettin' her things on.

MAGGIE: Wot fer?

MYRTLE: That's *my biz!*

*The play, "Salvation Nell," is copyrighted, 1908, by Edward Brewster Sheldon. Excerpts from the manuscript are given here by permission of Harrison Grey Fiske.

Byron OPENING SCENE OF "SALVATION NELL" SHOWING THE INTERIOR OF SID McGOVERN'S BARROOM ON TENTH AVE., NEW YORK

MAGGIE: Is she goin' with you?
MYRTLE (*still busy at the mirror*): What if she is?
MAGGIE: Where to?
MYRTLE (*leaning on bar*): Where she'll learn to sing ragtime 'stead o' hymns, see?
(*She turns to greet Nell who appears at back, a ragged shawl over her head and shoulders, a bundle in her hand, wrapped up in a blue-checked apron.*)
MAGGIE: Yer ain't got her yet! (*Going swiftly to Nell*) I've seen yer man at the station.
NELL (*with a ray of hope*): Jim?
MAGGIE: He's down and out—dead drunk.
MYRTLE (*officiously*): Ready, Nell? We'll just have a drink before we start an'——
MAGGIE (*turning to Myrtle*): I know what yer tryin' to do! an' ye'd better look out!
MYRTLE (*over her shoulder*): There's a dime on the bar. Ye can keep the change. (*Squirt goes to bar. The bell begins tolling twelve.*)
JERRY (*who has been on the floor, half asleep, in front of the bar*): Twelve o'clock—(*He staggers to his feet, holding his empty glass*). Here's t' Ch—Chris'mas—an'—Sid McGovern's—bar——
SID (*looking off*): Sh! Hold up, ye damn fool!
(*There is silence. From not far up the street comes the sound of voices and the band.*)

"Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Our Lord was born to-day!"

Eight years later Jim returns from prison to take up his old life. He tries to find Nell, who, befriended by Hallelujah Maggie, has become an officer of the Salvation Army, strong and earnest in her uplift of spirituality and regeneration. She is in her attic, discussing her work with Major Williams of the Salvation Army, who has been very good to her.

Byron, N. Y.

STAGE SETTING OF THE LAST ACT OF "SALVATION NELL," REPRESENTING A STREET IN THE NEW YORK SLUMS

MYRTLE (*going to Maggie. Looking her opponent up and down*): Say, is this a joke?
MAGGIE (*putting her hands round Nell*): Lemme take care o' you, dearie! Yer not the first Hallelujah Maggie's helped bring to God!
MYRTLE (*angrily*): Doncher know this is the chance of her life?
MAGGIE (*glaring at Myrtle over Nell's sunken head*): Yer right! It *is* the chance of her life—an' the Lord's given it.
MYRTLE: Oh, fudge! Say, Nell, are yer goin' with me or not?
MAGGIE: It's up to you, dearie!
(*Singing and band of the Salvation Army is heard from the street.*)
NELL: Help me—there ain't no one—else——
MAGGIE (*her face transfigured, her voice joyous*): There's Christ! Catch hold his hand, Nell. He's a leanin' out to save ye! Come with me—they're jus' beginnin' the meetin'.
(*Nell flings her arms round Maggie's neck, almost sinking to her knees, and bursts at last into an agony of tears.*)
and then I'll take ye home!
(*Throwing up her face, impulsively.*)
Glory be to God!
(*To Nell*) That's right—cry all ye want (*a church bell is heard*), every tear helps wash white yer soul—Hallelujah!—my dearie——
(*Exit Nell and Maggie. Enter Sid and Squirt.*)
(*Maggie has led Nell, supporting her with one arm, to the "Family Entrance," which she opens. Nell is trembling and weeping. From the darkness outside comes a faint sound of the brass band playing, "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!" The door closes on Maggie and Nell. Meanwhile Squirt and Sid have emerged from the cellar, carrying a keg between them.*)
SID: Put it over there.
SQUIRT: Soon's I—— (*following Myrtle into the buffet. He sees Myrtle nonchalantly carrying her drinks into the buffet.*)
MYRTLE (*interrupting him haughtily*): Don't mention it—I made 'em myself!
SQUIRT (*following her*): Quarter, please.

NELL: Major Williams, yer awful kind to me.
MAJOR WILLIAMS: That's because I love you,—because I want you to——
(*The door behind opens and Jim enters heavily. He is thin, pale, nervous, dirty and unshaven. He walks with a shambling gait and uses quick, suspicious gestures. His manner varies between sullenness and fierce, quiet bursts of rage. He stands with his hand on the knob. They, at the sound of the door, turn their heads; for a moment all three look at each other.*)
NELL: Jim!
JIM (*at door*): Well, I've come back. (*Looking at the Major.*) Hope I'm not buttin' in!
MAJOR WILLIAMS (*to Nell*): Shall I get him out?
JIM (*to the Major*): Say, I want to talk to her by herself, an' I hain't got all the time in the world neither!
MAJOR WILLIAMS: What right have you to be here?
JIM: 'Cause she's my girl—see?
MAJOR WILLIAMS (*to Jim*): If I go, you'll come with me.
JIM (*going to table*): Aw, quit yer drip an' get ter hell outer here!
NELL: Please go, Major. I ain't afraid—now. It must be gettin' time for yer train.
JIM: That's right! (*Looking at Nell*) Me an' her ain't seen each other fer over eight years—an' we've got a good deal ter say! (*To the Major*) Now, beat it! (*Goes to window.*)
NELL: It's all right—it'll be better if I get through with it now.
MAJOR WILLIAMS (*going to door*): Very well. I'll see you Friday.
NELL: Yes. Good night, Major Williams. (*Exit Major Williams.*)

Gilbert & Bacon

ADRIENNE AUGARDE

Young English actress now playing the leading feminine rôle in "Peggy Machree" at the Broadway

NELL (*just as the door closes*): Major, I——
MAJOR WILLIAMS (*re-appearing at the door*): Did you call?
NELL: Nothin'. I forget what I wanted to say.
MAJOR WILLIAMS: Good night, Mrs. Sanders. (*He closes the door.*)
JIM: Swell friends, ain't ye?
NELL: Jim, how long have ye been out——
JIM: Six months.
NELL: Six months an' I never knew!
JIM: Sid McGovern wouldn't tell me where you'd gone. I found out t'day from a guy in the lodgin' house you'd got converted.
NELL: Ye look diff'rent—Jim.
JIM (*looking at clothes left of door*): *I* ain't been in the Salvation Army! *I've* been in jail! An' now ye're wearin' all this stuff! (*Gesturing towards her bonnet.*)
NELL: Jim—after what yer said ter me—that night—I didn't see no use in sendin' word to ye—not even ter tell yer 'bout——
JIM: 'Bout wot?
NELL: Jimmie—he's eight years old next March.
JIM: Hell!
NELL: Jim, what made ye try to find me?
JIM: That's a nice question t'ask a man!
NELL: Are ye goin' to—stay—in New York?
JIM: Naw. I'm leaving ter-morror, an' wot's more—I'm leavin' in a Pullman car! (*Sitting on chair.*)
NELL: Yer goin' away? Have ye got a new job? (*Sitting on chair right of table.*)
JIM: Yes, I got a new job.
NELL: Where?
JIM: Denver.
NELL: I 'spose it'd be hard on ye, stayin' 'round here.
JIM: Hard! Say, that's a good one! Mebbe ye think a man has a soft snap when he comes outer jail! Hard! I've been livin' in hell for six months. An' I won't do it no more!
(*Slight rumble of thunder in the distance.*)
NELL: What d'yer mean, Jim—by that?
JIM (*gradually becoming excited*): When I got out o' Sing Sing las' January, I wanted to brace up—an'—an' go ahead—try an' live decent. All the boys up there said 'tain't no use, I might try jus's hard as I wanted, but I'd find in 'bout three weeks the world had the drop on me! I said *I'd* show 'em—an' I meant it, but every word they told me was true—dam' it!—it's true. (*Rising.*)
NELL: An' what happened to ye, Jim?
JIM: I went back to Cassy's an' struck the old man fer a job at teamin'. He asked me where I'd been. I thought I'd be straight—like a damn mut—so I told him. An' then he said—he said——
NELL: Well? Go on, Jim. What did he say?
JIM: He said, "Once a convick—always a convick!" an'—he kicked me out.
NELL: Then what? What happened then?
JIM: Aw, ye can't get no steady hold-down without a reference. I worked 'round, did some haulin' down on West Street—but they found out somehow—then it was all up. I was sick fer nearly a month an' spent every cent I had. Then I got a little by shovellin' snow an' street cleanin', but I couldn't stand the work—an'—an'—they're all down on me! (*Sitting in chair*) D'ye think they care wot *sent* me to Sing Sing? I've been there—I'm a convick—I can't never be no better—that's enough for them! I've squared *my* account with eight years o' sweatin' blood—I'd paid it up, an' it's *them* that won't ferget an' call it off! Dam' 'em! Dam' 'em!
NELL: Yes, I know, Jim, I know.
JIM: An' now what can I do? Who'd give me a job even if I had me healt?
NELL: And' so—yer goin' t' Denver fer a new start?

He attempts to drag her back to her old life. He has no idea of reformation. On the contrary, he has a plan of burglary in mind. He would kill her for her refusal to return to him, but is softened by seeing the child that had been born to them in his absence. He finally leaves, after knocking her senseless.

The stage setting for the last act is a wonderfully exact representation of life in the squalid quarters of the tenements. Every external feature is represented. The fire escapes are overladen with the customary evidence of the shiftlessness of that crowded life; lines are hung with laundry; in the street below the children dance to a passing hand-organ; there are brawls; gossiping groups and bartering venders of fruit. The Salvation Army passes with its beating of drums. Jim has returned, and he makes a final appeal to Nell.

JIM: One thing more—wot about that Major—that mug-faced slob that acts as if he owned ye?
NELL: Jim—ye don't know——
JIM (*hoarsely*): I know that I'm a man an' he's one, too—dam' him! an' yer a woman—so b'fore I go, I want ye t' say, "Ye've been my feller, an' I'll never let no one take yer place!"
NELL (*faintly*): There ain't no need-——
JIM: I'll make ye say it b'fore I go!
NELL (*putting her hand on his arm and looking him full in the face*): Yer my Jim—an' no one'll ever take yer place!
(*There is a brief pause.*)
JIM (*with a subdued cry, pressing her to him*): Nelly,—I won't leave ye!
NELL (*gently disengaging herself and speaking tenderly, but firmly*): Yes, Jim, ye must. I see things clear now. I can't help ye—any more——
JIM (*hungrily*): I love ye, Nelly——
NELL (*sadly*): I know, Jim.
JIM: Don't ye see how a man feels?
NELL: It seems as if I was talkin' to ye from a long ways off. There's a river between us, Jim—an' there ain't no bridge across.
JIM: Wot river?
NELL (*tenderly*): Ye wouldn't understand.
(*Looks about stealthily and then touches him. The music of the band is heard far away, gradually growing nearer.*)
I s'pose this is the last time we'll meet on earth, Jim! If I could only make ye see just a little—b'fore ye go!
JIM: See wot? (*Pause.*)
NELL (*softly stroking back his hair and smiling*): Jim, d'ye remember how we met each other first?
JIM: Dunno's I do—it's a long time ago.
NELL: In that little eating-place where I worked b'fore I came to Sid's. Ye used t' come in ev'ry day an' sit at the same table. After a while I sort o' grew t' expect ye. I think I'd been carin' fer ye a long time b'fore I knew it myself—I was awful young then. One night ye came in drunk—(*she hesitates*).
JIM (*interrupting*): Wot's the good o' rememberin' all that?
NELL (*going on*): An' I couldn't help myself, Jim. I done whatever ye wanted—always. I thought that was what love meant!

(*Continued on page x*)

Scenes in Cleveland Moffett's Play "The Battle" at the Savoy Theatre

Wilton Lackaye as John Haggleton, Capitalist

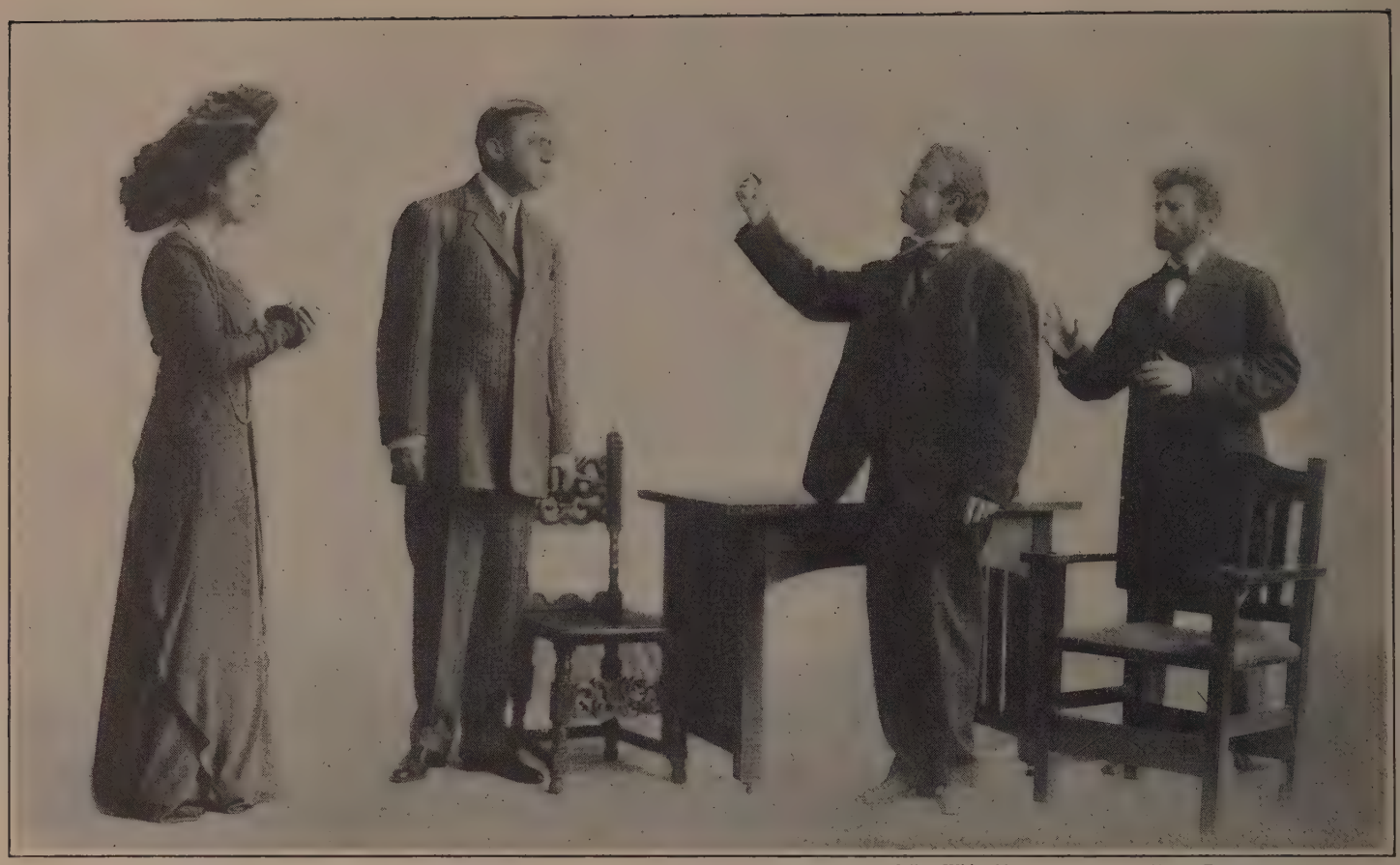
ACT I. "THE PEOPLE NEED FEWER MARBLE CLOCKS AND MORE SOAP"

H. B. Warner Josephine Victor

ACT I. "I'LL GAIN BIG PRIZES FOR YOU IF YOU WANT THEM"

E. M. Holland Wilton Lackaye Josephine Victor H. B. Warner

ACT III. MR. HAGGLETON: "WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD A GREAT BUSINESS IN TRUST, WOULD YOU PROTECT IT?"



Chrystal Herne Grant Stuart Walker Whiteside Henry Bergman

SCENE IN ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S PLAY, "THE MELTING POT," NOW BEING SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED IN CHICAGO
Act II. "There shall come a fire round the crucible that shall melt you and your breed like wax in a blowpipe!"

The Drama of the Jew

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, in a public address recently, stated his opinion that the next great American play would be concerned with the naturalized Jew. The remark aroused much comment. There had been plenty of plays with Jews in them, presented in both favorable and unflattering lights, but Mr. Thomas' conception of the Jew as the hero of an impressive drama of our national life came home to the people of the theatre with the force of a novel idea. The dramatist even went so far as to outline the idea of that play—the Jew as a home-maker, a philanthropist, a citizen, and to give it a title, which was simply and explicitly "The Jew." He denied, however, that he had any immediate intention of writing such a drama himself.

And now this season, treading upon the heels of Mr. Thomas' suggestion, come two important dramas of pronounced Semitic flavor, with something definite to say on the Jewish question and with theatric power to enforce their themes. These two plays are Israel Zangwill's "The Melting Pot" and Henry Bernstein's "Israel." In each case, it may be noted, the author is himself a Jew.

Neither Zangwill nor Bernstein has viewed the Semitic theme in the idyllic light with which Mr. Thomas presented it. He in his dreams would honor the Jew as a family patriarch, a staunch, conservative, creative force in the community; the former in their practice have busied themselves with proving a case for their own people. They have found the drama of the Jew in the sharp conflict of race prejudices, the social attrition of Jew and Christian, where it has remained, with strong dynamic values and contrasts of light and shade, since Shakespeare created Shylock. They have varied the situation, however, by giving a lion's share of sympathy to the Jew, whose "badge of sufferance" can in these enlightened days receive respectful attention; and they have both, moreover, brought in the essentially modern idea of mixed sex relations.

"The Melting Pot" may take precedence because of its Americanism. Zangwill is not as skilful a purveyor of stage thrills as Bernstein, but he has undertaken to write a play of significance in our national life, as he views it with distant philosophic eye.

This play, admirably cast, was produced early this season in Washington, the première being honored by the attendance of President Roosevelt, who, in his characteristic, impulsive fashion, stood up in his box and shouted: "It's great—bully," or some such vernacular phrase of approval. The next day the Chief Executive entertained Mr. Zangwill at luncheon, and, it is said, further expressed his interest in the piece by suggesting a substitute for one of the lines that touched on the divorce problem. The company then went to Chicago, where it is still being presented to crowded houses.

"The Melting Pot" is a strong, earnest effort to express one phase of America's destiny, from a Jewish point of view. Mr. Zangwill may be Anglo-Semitic in mood, but in matters of humanity he has world-wide standards, and in this play he seeks to voice the New World's mission to alien races. On the soil of this continent, he says in effect, is the crucible of the nations, where the unhappy wanderers from worn-out Europe shall be fused into a new type—the true American. His hero is one of a class that forms a large and constantly growing percentage of our immigrant population—the Russian Jew. He calls upon the arrivals at Ellis Island to put aside their old customs and prejudices, to look forward to the new Motherland instead of backward at the old Fatherland; to merge themselves joyously in the American "melting pot." In the East Side of New York the dramatist places a rhapsodic youth, inspired by the genius of music, simple but intuitively brilliant. He is the survivor of a Russian Jewish family that was among the victims of the hideous slaughter at Kishinev, and for him the country of his adoption has held out welcoming arms. He has thrown himself into the "melting pot" with fervor, devouring books on American history and customs, and has in mind a great symphony in which he

to Sarony Co.

ANNA HELD IN "MISS INNOCENCE" AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

Bangs

KATHERINE MULKINS

Indianapolis girl who made a hit in "Checkers," and seen later with Robert Edeson in "The Rector's Garden"

shall express the flaming of the ethnic crucible. He explains his enthusiasm as follows:

"You must remember that all my life I have heard of America—everyone in our town had friends there, or was going there, or got money orders from there. All my life America has been waiting, beckoning, shining—the place where God would wipe away the tears from all faces. To think that same great torch of liberty which threw its light across the broad seas and lands into my little garret in Russia is shining also for all those other weeping millions of Europe—shining wherever men hunger and are oppressed—shining over the starving cities of Italy and Ireland, over the swarming cities of Poland and Galicia, over the ruined farms of Roumania, over the shambles of Russia! When I look at our statue of Liberty I seem to hear the voice of America crying: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!'"

In another dithyrambic speech he expresses his conception of America's mission after this fashion:

"America is God's crucible, the great melting pot where all the races of Europe are fusing and reforming. Here you stand, good folk, think I when I see them at Ellis Island; here you stand with your fifty groups, your fifty languages, and your fifty blood feuds and rivalries. But you won't be long like that, my brothers, for these are the fires of God you have come to—these are the fires of God. A fig for your feuds and your vendettas! Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen, Jews and Russians—into the crucible with you all! God is making the American!"

This young man is offered a chance to have his symphony given a complete orchestral production by a rich young American spendthrift who poses as a patron of music. But when he learns that this is the notorious spender who was married in a balloon and who achieved newspaper notoriety by giving a lascivious gondola dinner with all the voluptuous environment of Venice, he rebels. He cries out against the idler:

"Not for you and such as you have I sat here writing and dreaming; not for you who are killing my America."

"*Your* America, you immigrant!" the millionaire hoots scornfully.

"Yes, *you* immigrant, *my* America," is the musician's answer. Then he goes on:

"I am a Jew who knows that your Pilgrim fathers came straight out of his old Testament, and that our Jew immigrants are prouder of the glory of this great commonwealth than some of you sons of the soil. It is you freak fashionables who are undoing the work of Washington and Lincoln, vulgarizing your high heritage and turning the last and noblest hope of humanity into a caricature. I am nothing but a simple artist, but I come from Europe—one of her victims—and I know that she is a failure; that her palaces and peerages are outworn toys of the human spirit. Here in the land of to-morrow you are bringing back all the follies and fetishes of Europe, trying to bring back from the land of yesterday her comic opera coronets and her chivalry built on a morass of crime and misery. But you shall not kill my dream. There shall come a fire round the crucible that shall melt you and your breed like wax in a blow-pipe. America shall make good!"

In these passages the meat of Mr. Zangwill's theme is expressed. The piece has an emotional story of some power, being concerned with the love between this young genius, David Quixano, and a Christian girl, also an immigrant from Russia. David's Jewish relatives object to marriage with a Gentile, and he leaves their home, but discovers later that the young woman is the daughter of the Russian officer whom he had seen directing the massacre at Kishinev, and whose "cold butcher's face" had remained with him as a kind of hallucination. They separate tragically, but are of course reunited in the last act, when the success of David's symphony sets a symbolical seal of prophecy upon the dream of the "melting pot."

The Jews of the "unmelted" type are depicted in David's uncle and grandmother, in whose simple home the old orthodox rites are faithfully observed. As a part of the Jewish atmosphere the ceremonies of the "Purim"—a Jewish Hallowe'en—are shown on the stage. It is a peculiar fact that despite the Americanism of the theme, there is only one American among the characters, and he is the rich dilettante whose patronage is spurned by David. The rôle of the musician is admirably acted by Walker Whiteside, who is supported by a strong company that includes Chrystal Herne and John Blair.

In France the Dreyfus case brought the problem of race prejudice prominently into French politics; the anti-Jews and the pro-Jews have grouped themselves into well-defined and hostile parties. This topical aspect has more or less the colored journalistic criticism of M. Bernstein's "Israel," yet in spite of this it is generally conceded that this popular playwright, hailed by some as the new Sardou, and whose dramas, "The Thief" and "Samson," have given American audiences exemplars of his splendid dramaturgic sense, has really created a piece of strong human values. "Israel" was produced in Paris on October 15 last by Mme. Réjane, and later Charles Frohman announced that the play would be presented in America under his direction.

A young patrician, Thibault de Clare, has entered with passion into the anti-Semitic struggle. He wishes to strike a blow for the cause by forcing an old Jew banker, Justin Gutlieb, to resign from a fashionable club of which he had been a member for thirty years. The uncle of the fanatic, Comte de Gregenoy, who stands for tolerance, vainly remonstrates with his nephew, giving him some sound advice upon the futility of race prejudice and adding that for a young man to provoke an elder is not particularly chivalrous. Thibault will not relinquish his intention, however, and when Gutlieb appears, he proceeds to give him his summary dismissal. His words are: "To have your name associated with mine is an insult. Leave this club!" The older man stands aghast at this sudden attack, but Thibault, enraged by the apparent humility of his victim, knocks off his hat with a blow of his cane, in order to push the provocation to extremity. The act is a formal affront, and, according to French etiquette, a duel must follow. The act closes with the other club members commenting upon Gutlieb's meek acceptance of the situation, devoid of the angry resentment that would have been natural, and subconsciously they begin to have glimpses of the true relations of Jew and aristocrat. Thibault's mother, the Duchess de Croucy, makes every effort to prevent the duel,

and in an interview with Gutlieb, in which she pleads with him to find some loophole of escape from the encounter, the audience learns that Gutlieb is the father of the youth who wishes to kill him. The husband of the duchess had been a confirmed, repulsive alcoholic, and so years before she had consoled herself by an *affaire de coeur* with Gutlieb, which had been a liaison of love on both sides. The duchess is finally compelled, in a scene which is the high light of the play, to reveal the terrible secret to her son. Her frenzied appeal in the line, "You cannot strike that man!" causes him to question her until she is driven to bay and confesses her old indiscretion. Obviously the duel will not be fought after that, and the delicate task of extricating himself from the position into which his fanaticism has thrust him is thrown upon Thibault's shoulders. Moreover, the young man is face to face with the fact that he himself is of the race which he has combatted so fiercely and for which he has such utter contempt. The first idea that comes to him, as a devout champion of Catholicism, is to take orders and enter a monastery. Gutlieb interferes with this purpose; he is just as rabid an anti-cleric as Thibault is an anti-Semite. He declares that the son of his blood shall not renounce life—that life which the Jews worship as a precious gift and the Christians combat as an enemy. For him the Catholic religion is represented by Father Silvain, a priest whose spiritual counsel separated him from the duchess, baffling the desire of both their hearts. He tells the distracted mother, now absorbed in religion, that through these churchly laws, bizarre and hateful, she, who had been so beautiful and so loving, had missed fulfillment of her life. Thus Thibault is plunged into what is for him an agonizing position. He dreads the gossip of his set. He feels that his fellow-partisans will hold him a traitor if he fails to cross swords with his father. Then the consciousness that he is himself a Jewish hybrid fills him with loathing. He abandons his purpose of becoming a monk, and solves the problem with a more radical expedient, which is that of suicide. The drama ends in unmitigated tragedy.

Sarony

ADELAIDE PRINCE

An accomplished and well-trained actress, formerly of Augustin Daly's forces, and recently seen as Lady Wanley in "Jack Straw"

The scene in which the mother reveals to the son that Gutlieb, the Jew, is his own father, occurs at the close of the second act. Thibault, the son, enters the drawing room where his mother is talking to Gutlieb and stands transfixed at beholding the man whom he hates standing familiarly in his mother's presence. Gutlieb departs and Thibault angrily asks his mother for an explanation. Much embarrassed, she says that, greatly alarmed at the news of the coming duel, she had sent for Gutlieb, hoping he would be the more reasonable of the two. Thibault, however, does not believe this explanation, and the mother, in self-defense, has to admit that she has known Gutlieb for many years.

MOTHER: Yes—this man has loved me—desperately—in spite of my coolness towards him—knowing there was no hope—he has loved me for years. That is all, Thibault. I won't keep you any more. This admission you've forced from me is very painful (*a silence*). Go! (*Silence. In exasperation*) For God's sake don't stare at me so—spare my nerves.

THIBAULT: Excuse me—I was thinking. Mother, last year you did not love me any less than you do now—I was just as precious to you a year ago.

MOTHER: Last year?

THIBAULT: When I fought the duel with Phillip——

MOTHER: I learned of it only after it was all over. The situation is not the same.

THIBAULT: Identically the same.

MOTHER: You are mad!

THIBAULT: Identically the same. For three days that man was in danger of death. If he had died it would have been by my hand.

MOTHER: Well—don't you remember how sorry I was?

THIBAULT: Ah! You have betrayed yourself. You were sorry only—you did not show the despair that you give way to now.

MOTHER: Don't worry me, son, don't worry me! You seem to be cross-examining me.

THIBAULT (*sadly*): Relieve then what is heavy on my heart!

MOTHER (*violently*): Enough, Thibault! I forbid you to continue!

THIBAULT: Oh! But you cannot forbid my thinking. Mother, when that Jew turned his insolent eyes on you, are you quite sure that you turned away your head?

MOTHER: You insult me!

THIBAULT: Then if you repulsed his attentions, why all this difference? Give me a reason I beg of you! Or would you prefer that I seek for one myself?

MOTHER (*with fright*): No——no!

THIBAULT (*raising his head*): Why not?

MOTHER: Very well, then! You assume the right to probe my most secret memories, to spy on me, to compel me. Very well, then——I confess!

THIBAULT: Oh!

MOTHER: I confess that my feelings were——but it was purely a platonic attachment—that I assure you. Nothing more——

THIBAULT (*crushed*): Nothing more! That Jew!

MOTHER: That Jew would give everything he had in the world to make me less miserable.

THIBAULT (*in despair*): Oh!

MOTHER: Son, son—you're making me so unhappy, and I am sorry only for you——

THIBAULT: Yes—one can't explain such things as that. It is wreck and ruin—I placed you so high—you resembled no one else—you were my mother—now I daren't look at you any longer—I am ashamed——

MOTHER: I am ashamed, too.

THIBAULT: I am going (*makes a few steps.*) Mother, will you do me a favor?

MOTHER: Yes——

THIBAULT: Oh, I doubt no longer—I believe you—I believe that we have sounded to the very bottom. But I am afraid—I am afraid of being alone in my study—afraid that suddenly some thought will suffocate me.

MOTHER: What thought?

THIBAULT: Is it really true, mother—is it quite true—that your relations were only platonic?

MOTHER (*reproachfully*): Thibault!

THIBAULT: Swear it on the cross!

MOTHER: You want me——

THIBAULT: Yes—I demand it for my own peace of mind.

MOTHER: I am ready. (*Silence. A supplicating gesture by Thibault.*) I am ready if you exact it.

THIBAULT: Swear—yes—(*a silence*)—you hesitate? (*A silence*) Mother—you hesitate!

MOTHER: I refuse.

THIBAULT: Because?

MOTHER: I don't take my Saviour's name in vain.

THIBAULT: What!

MOTHER (*a cry of confession*): My son, I committed only one great sin—only one—and I know, in my heart, that God has forgiven me.

THIBAULT (*terrified*:) Mother! (*Bursts into tears*) Why didn't you swear—why didn't you swear?

MOTHER: No, Thibault, I could not—I prefer to suffer rather—than blaspheme my God. (*Thibault sobs.*) Thibault—this is your work. Here we are, amid all the débris and devastation, like two survivors of a shipwreck, exhausted after the desperate fight for their lives. Don't be too severe! Remember that before this expiation I have worn out my knees

on the stones of churches begging for pardon in the most beautiful years of my life.

THIBAULT (*no longer crying—his face stern and set*): I don't even hear what you are saying. Above the tumult that is raging in my heart I hear only one thing. Away yonder at the other end of Lorraine in a wretched old castle is a nobleman whom you have condemned to exile! He is my father—the drunkard—the reprobate—the bad husband!

MOTHER: Silence!

THIBAULT: Not a hand would stretch out to him—there was not one who didn't side with the good, virtuous wife against the husband's cruelty.

MOTHER: Silence!

THIBAULT: Well then—I say that in spite of his bad conduct, it was not just!

MOTHER: Will you be silent, merciless child?

THIBAULT: I speak now as head of the family. My father has lost his right to be considered such. I am head of the family, and I watch over the honor of my house. A blessed chance has thrown on my road the scoundrel — who has thrown mud on our name. He shall pay!

(*Once more he goes towards the door.*)

MOTHER (*barring the door*): Thibault, I have your word——

THIBAULT: A promise obtained by misrepresentation is no promise. I take it back.

MOTHER (*retreating backwards, gets first to the door*): Thibault, you shall not go before——

THIBAULT (*scarcely able to contain himself*): Take care! In me there is awaking a man whom you do not know—whom I scarcely know myself. It is the descendant!—the feudalist!—Thibault de Croucy is talking now! Mother, let me pass!

MOTHER: First you'll listen to me—Thibault—you cannot fight that——

THIBAULT: Mother, get away from that door!

MOTHER: Thibault, you cannot fight that man!

THIBAULT: Your defending him will make me more determined to kill him.

(*In spite of his mother he seizes the door handle.*)

MOTHER (*holding on to it and screaming*): Wretched boy—look into my eyes!—listen to the tones of my voice! You cannot fight that man, I tell you!

THIBAULT: What?

MOTHER: No—not that man—you cannot!

THIBAULT (*utters a terrible cry and recoils*): Oh!—no!—not that!—not that!

MOTHER: Yes!—yes!—that!—a frightful duty compels me to confess it to you!

THIBAULT: It's false—it's false!

MOTHER: This time I swear it—on the cross!

THIBAULT: It is not true!

MOTHER (*solemnly*): Before God, Thibault, I swear——

THIBAULT (*stopping up his ears*): It's false! Be silent!—I command you to be silent!

MOTHER: Thibault, I swear to you——

THIBAULT: It is not true—it's false! You lie!

(*His hands on his ears, his head lowered, he flees, runs up the steps with a bound, and when he has disappeared his shouts are still heard in the distance.*)

MOTHER (*worn, haggard and muttering to herself*): I swear! I swear!

Courtesy the *Tatler*

THREE WELL-KNOWN BALLET DANCERS RECEIVING HINTS FROM A PAST MISTRESS OF THE ART

Madame Mariquita, the mistress of the ballet at the Opéra Comique, Paris, giving final instructions to three of her cleverest and most beautiful pupils. On the left will be seen Mlle. Tronbanowa, the principal dancer at the Opéra at Monte Carlo; in center (behind Madame Mariquita) Mlle. Martha Lenclud, who is now appearing at the Folies Bergeres; next her is Mlle. Regina Badet, the principal dancer at the Opéra Comique

So much for the Jew in the drama of the present. The playwright seems to have made him a figure of importance and dignity. Until now Christian prejudice has caricatured the Jew on the stage, and, in many instances, has shown the Jew as a type of infamy. Shakespeare's Shylock may be cited as the stock example, for though modern interpretations have made the Jew of Venice somewhat sympathetic in spite of his lust for the pound of flesh, the Elizabethan conception of the rôle was one of pure villainy. It was Shakespeare's universal and eternal humanity that enabled him to depict a Jewish usurer from the point of view of his own time and yet imbed in the character the material for the more tolerant conception of new generations. Christopher Marlowe, Shakespeare's great predecessor, can be accorded the first powerful presentation of a Jew in the English drama. In his tragedy, "The Jew of Malta," he expressed the typical opinion of the period, making Barrabas an absolute fiend, deep-dyed in atrocities. In 1596 came "The Merchant of Venice," with its story based on some Italian tales. Fletcher in "Women Pleased" and Beaumont and Fletcher in "The Custom of the Country" followed suit with other villainous Jews. Zabulon, the Jew in the latter, is a disgusting pander, whose gold is refused by a Christian, equally disgusting, with the excuse: "Because you are a Jew, sir, and courtesies come sooner from the devil than any of your nation."

A long list of other old plays containing repulsive Jewish characters might be cited. The most important are: "The Jewish Gentleman," 1640; Dekker's "Jew of Venice," 1653; William Henning's "The Jew Tragedy," 1662; Lord Lansdowne's "The Jew of Venice," 1701; "The Jew Decoyed," a ballad opera founded on "The Harlot's Progress," 1773; "Jewish Courtship," 1787; "The Wandering Jew," 1797; Didbin's "The Jew and the Doctor," 1798; "The Rich Jew of Lubeck," 1819; "The Hebrew," a version of "Ivanhoe" with Edmund Kean as the Jew of York, 1820; C. Z. Barnett's "The Rise of the Rothschilds" and "The Ways of Our Tribe," 1830, and Sheridan Knowles' "The Maid of Mariendorp," 1839. In the preface to "The Wife of Claude," the younger Dumas wrote that it was an inexorable law of the theatre to make the Jew grotesque. Adolphe D'Ennery, himself a Jew, once declared that he kept the Jew out of his many plays because he did not care to depict types of his own people as usurers and rascals. These are two examples of the dramatic point of view in a country which was the first to emancipate the Jew.

The English-speaking stage of our own time has been kinder to the Jew, though the old grotesque tradition has been slow in wearing off. Svengali in "Trilby" is, of course, a familiar memory; he was a modern version of the Jew as a terrifying villain. Henry Arthur Jones wrote sympathetically of the Jew in "Judah." "The Kreutzer Sonata," which has been played by Miss Blanche Bates and Mme. Bertha Kalich, was a translation from the Yiddish of Jacob Gordin, and an expression of the Jewish immigrant's own point of view. "Leah the Forsaken" may also be added to the category.

CHARLES W. COLLINS.

ELSIE HAMILTON
Ballet dancer in "Miss Innocence" at the New York Theatre. Seen last season as the White Poodle in "The Soul Kiss"

Richard Bennett—an Actor to Be Reckoned With

IN his dressing room in the Empire Theatre a young actor with an abutting lower jaw, large, serious blue eyes, and a firm mouth told me that his ambition is to become the greatest actor in America. I shook his hand and told him I hoped he might.

Why should he not? Some young actor is in preparation for that high honor. We pat the heads of riotous youth and tell the individuals who compose the noisy mass that they may become President of the United States. Most of those freckled, tousel-headed youngsters have far less chance to become President of the United States than Richard Bennett to become the greatest actor in America.

For "Dick" Bennett having created twenty-five important rôles, and having seemed in no two of them the same young man who played the others, has the somewhat uncommon claim to distinction of playing his rôle, not himself.

Moreover, he is thoughtful, thoughtful enough to give this definition of acting: "Great acting is vast experience and character filtered through a great soul."

Bangs

RICHARD BENNETT

Whose remarkable performance of John Shand in Barrie's comedy "What Every Woman Knows" places him in the front rank of our younger American actors

It required but three weeks for young Mr. Bennett to get so thoroughly into the character of John Shand that it is difficult for us to dissociate the actor from his creation. Yet until he was handed the part the day that rehearsals of "What Every Woman Knows" began, he did not know he was to play it. Then for him was solved the problem that had set many Rialtese tongues to wagging: "Who will be Maude Adams' leading man this season?"

"How did you feel?" he was asked.

"I was elated," was the sufficient answer.

It is characteristic of the young man who created Shand, Barrie's sublime egotist, that his answers are always sufficient, brief though they may be. There is far more talking done than is necessary. The concise reply denotes the clear-cut thought.

"How did you study Shand?" I asked, and he answered: "Just as I do every part. First I read the manuscript and get a bird's eye view, so to speak, of the play. When my part is handed to me I don't study it except to get some sort of familiarity with the cues. The cues only give the last two or three words of a sentence. It means nothing to know that some one has said 'No, probably not,' or 'Three miles,' except to know that you are to speak afterwards. I always go to the first rehearsal, not knowing my part. But after the first rehearsal, knowing what the other characters are, and what they are expected to do and say, I know what to do and say myself in my character. We will suppose that you are playing opposite me and say, 'Go on.' How am I to know from reading my part and seeing those words of your speech how I am to go on? I cannot know that until I see what you do and hear how you say, 'Go on.' Whether you are standing, and say it impatiently as though you are anxious to get away, or whether you sit back easily and invite me by your manner to go on in detail. When I know what you do, I will know what to do myself. That is the way I study my part in any play, in its relation to other parts.

"After that rehearsal I study my part. I get on a horse and ride out into the woods and make as much noise as I wish. The horse and the woods don't mind. You know I live over on the Palisades, and have a wide reach of country about me.

"The lines come easily enough. The chief part of the study is to get the man behind the lines. That I do by thinking what sort of man he is, and how that sort of man would do this or that."

"Do you think John Shand is a universal type?"

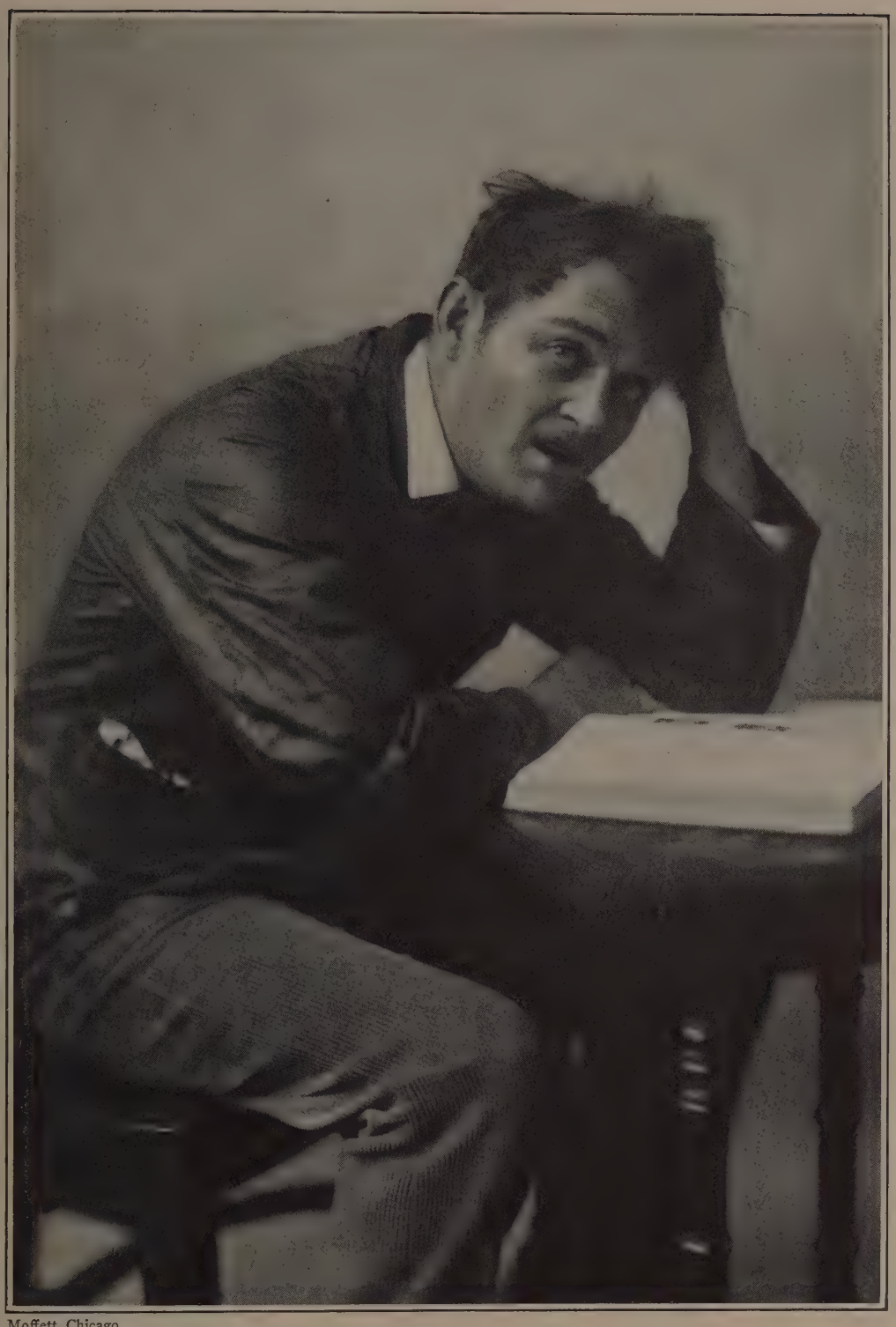
"I do. I have said since that first rehearsal that he is every man. There is no John Shand without a Maggie Shand behind him. It may be his mother or his sister or only a memory. From the first the character seemed to me to represent in each act a different quality. In the first act youthful conceit. In the second arrogance. In the third bewilderment. And last exploded puffery."

Richard Bennet has a chin that juts forward, making it the most prominent feature of his face. He has a firm mouth. His eyes are candid and steady. There is above his forehead a lock of gray hair. It is a face that suggests battles done and won. Wanting the story of those battles I harked back to the cornerstone of character, which is so often found in heredity.

His ancestors for four generations were owners and operators of saw mills for occupation. They were of the class of unordained, itinerant preachers known as circuit riders, who preached for the glory of God and the salvation of men, and without regard for the fullness of pockets for vocation. The last of the four emigrated to Indiana. He was the father of Richard Bennett, who was born in a log cabin under a peach tree in the village Hoover. The son of the fourth of the line of circuit riders was born on the banks of the Wabash River.

He went to a country school, where he was a good student but a still more competent pugilist. The promise of the battling urchin bore fruit in many bruises upon his own person and the persons of boys of the neighborhood.

The family removed to Logansport, Ind. There Battling Dick Bennett continued in the High School his record for studious habits and amateur pugilism. His battlesomeness found field for activity in the family circle. This when his father, desiring him



Moffett, Chicago

RICHARD BENNETT AS JOHN SHAND IN "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"

to own a sawmill at Logansport, as had four Bennetts before him at Bennett's Mills near Tom's River, in New Jersey, set about teaching the boy the business by making him night watchman at the mill. The boy didn't like it. He denied that he was afraid, but he said he wanted to work in society, not in solitude. His father placed him at work in a sand pit and gave orders that no favor should be shown him. He must be a sand pitter with the rest. At three o'clock of the first day Battling Dick Bennett forsook the sand pit, and for four years thereafter he emulated Ulysses. He roamed the earth and found adventures in all its quarters.

Having made his way to St. Paul he tried being a waiter. The patrons said he was active but inclined to argue fistically upon immaterial points. He shipped aboard a lake steamer, the *China,* and delighted the captain with his singing and guitar playing, but nearly ended the earthly career of a subordinate officer with a scantling. The captain admitted that the subordinate officer deserved his belaying, but warned his protégé that he might be arrested for mutiny, and told him how he might slip off the boat in disguise unnoticed when it touched dock at Buffalo.

Thus ended his career as sailor. When the four Ulyssean years, in which he rubbed shoulders with elemental man in dock laborers, sailors, mechanics of most sorts, and never wrote home for money, the current of his Thespian ambition converged upon a double rôle in "The Limited Mail" at the old Standard Theatre in Chicago. Much experience, painful some of it but richly preparatory, followed in companies in the provinces and in summer stock engagements.

The late Augustin Daly engaged him for juvenile rôles, but a pair of managers demanded release money, and the young man, rather than pay tribute, went back to the road. His first New York engagement was in "A Round of Pleasure" at the Knickerbocker Theatre. Gustave Frohman engaged him for "The Proper Caper" at the Madison Square Theatre. Charles Frohman saw him make an exit in which he sang a song, "did a flip" and read a soliloquy from "Hamlet." There followed twelve years of engagements with the Charles Frohman companies, as Dick Beach in "The White Heather"; Charles Le Roy in "Her Atonement"; Fred Sinden in "The White Horse Tavern"; Captain Rivers in "His Excellency the Governor"; Father Anselm in "The Royal Family"; villain in "Sweet and Twenty"; Jimmy Greaves in "Imprudence"; the Boer Boy in "The Best of Friends"; Taylor the newspaper man in "The Other Girl"; Jefferson Ryder in "The Lion and the Mouse"; Lennard Wilmore in "The Hypocrites"; Dick Livingston in "Strongheart" in London, also Ademar with Grace George in "Divorçons" in London.

One who admired him extremely as Barrie's John Shand had said that he could play Hamlet well. I asked him if he had thought of playing the vacillating Dane. He replied again sufficiently: "If the opportunity to play it ever comes, I will put the best of me into it as I do into every character I play."

We talked of the far heights of ambitious attainment, and I asked by what means he intended to try to scale them. He answered with Battling Dick Bennett's tremendous earnestness:

"By working continuously—I have never stopped working since I went on the stage sixteen years ago. By never shirking anything I have to do. There are no bad parts. There is no part that has not some good point that, if we concentrate our best powers upon it, we can make stand out."

ADA PATTERSON.

White

HARRIET WORTHINGTON

Playing Carolina Langdon, one of the Senator's daughters, in "A Gentleman from Mississippi"

My Friend Bassanio

"I MAINTAIN that actors are not any more vain or conceited than other people," declared Bassanio, loftily.

Bassanio is a leading man. Of medium height and well proportioned, with good teeth, bold eyes and diaphragmal voice, he always "looks the part." He wears evening clothes on the stage as if he were used to them—as indeed he is—and is the soul of gallantry to the leading lady. Equally effective in a quiet "curtain" from Paris or a roaring climax from the Canadian north woods, he is never out of an engagement. His age is 35. When he speaks, either on or off the stage, there is the ring of authority in his tones, and the stage doorkeeper jumps to let him in, to tell him whether there is any mail for him, and to answer any questions he may condescend to ask. Bassanio calls himself an actor, but likes to hear other persons refer to him as an "artist."

Bassanio was sunning himself on Broadway, the center of a Thespian group, as he delivered himself of his pronunciamento. He looked around him defiantly. Incidentally, he glanced at his reflection in the wigmaker's show window.

An audacious, untheatrical person, who chanced to be in the circle, had ventured to say that he regarded actors, as a class, as the most conceited set of people in civilization, and Bassanio's trusty rapier had instantly leaped from its scabbard in defense of his kind.

"No one can charge me with vanity," he boomed. "Although I have a proper appreciation of my talents, of course."

"Of course," agreed a much younger actor, in blue serge, whose one year "on the road" had taught him to look up to a leading man.

"I never forget the dignity of my calling," went on Bassanio. "I have been a student of the drama all my life, and I know what I am worth as an actor. The managers know it, too. That is why I am paid five hundred dollars a week."

His listeners all tried to look as if they believed him, and an oldtimer, a "legit," tapped one of his yellow shoes with his cane sadly, as he murmured: "The trouble is that nowadays few managers can afford to pay a competent, experienced man, with temperament and force, the recompense he rightly demands. I have had four offers this season, but I could not accept any of them. My self-respect would not permit it. By Jove! A man must have some regard for his art. I have sustained every character in 'Hamlet,' including the title rôle, and my Mercutio of fifteen years ago is a standard for all Mercutios in this country to-day. What do you suppose I was offered last week to play the lead in support of a lady star of national reputation?"

"Sixty-five dollars?"

It was the young road actor who tentatively named this sum. The next moment he wished he had kept his figures to himself. The great Mercutio glared at him as he thundered: "Sixty-five? What, for a leading man? No, sir. The offer was two hundred dollars a week. But my salary is two hundred and fifty, and I was obliged to refuse. I confess it was with some regret, for it was a good part, and I should have made a tremendous hit in it, I know."

"And have had the lady star in hysterics with jealousy, dear boy," smiled Bassanio, who knew that the oldtimer would be overpowered with joy to get an engagement at fifty dollars. "You ought to be glad that the salary would not let you take it."

"Well, I think so myself. I should have been much too strong for her. The audience would hardly have known she was on the stage at all. She would have been snowed under. Yes, it was all for the best. Unfortunately, I cannot hold myself in when I feel a part. Anyhow, I never would accept less than my proper salary, and I never will."

"That's right, old chap. It has always been my principle, too. You see, we have the upper hand. When I think of the numberless plays that have been saved by the good work—I may say, genius—of some of the cast, I wonder how it is that producing managers have not more sense than to keep up their cheeseparing tactics. Why, how many plays that have made hundreds of thousands of dollars for them would have perished in the first week but for the actors? It is we who make the successes. What is a play until we have breathed life into it?"

Bassanio's nostrils dilated in fine indignation, his shoulders went back, and he was obliged to cool his brow by lifting his hat—an operation he performed delicately with the tips of his fingers and thumb, so that, haply, he should not injure the "roll" of the brim. He glimpsed at himself again in the wigmaker's window for the instant that the hat was off his head. Good! His hair had *not* been rumpled.

"Of course, the author of the play is something," remarked the young actor. "We cannot ignore the dramatist altogether."

This was an unpopular suggestion. A combined howl of scorn arose, led by Mercutio.

"Authors," observed Bassanio, tolerantly, when the cries of disgust had died down to a low rumble, "are useful in their way. But we could get along without them. What would an author be without actors?"

"For that matter, what would be the use of actors without dramatists?" grumbled the young actor, inclined to be obstinate. "We must have plays."

"We should have plays—and better plays—if only actors wrote them," was Bassanio's opinion.

"Yes. Shakespeare was an actor," reminded Mercutio. "Then there are Augustus Thomas, Belasco, Pinero"——

Photos by Bangs, N. Y.

JULIA MARLOWE IN MARY JOHNSTON'S POETIC DRAMA, "THE GODDESS OF REASON"

"William Gillette is actor and author, too. So were Dion Boucicault and Augustin Daly," continued Bassanio. "I might mention a dozen famous men, living and dead, who were proud of themselves as actors, and who wrote stage masterpieces as well. Why, this piece I am in now was simply hopeless until I got at it. When we had had two rehearsals the stage manager was ready to give up. He said it would be waste of money and time to go on with it. He appealed to me. I am always willing to help the management. I said, 'Give me the script, and I'll see what I can do with it.' He jumped at my offer, and I rewrote the play. You know the result. It is the big Broadway hit of the season."

Mercutio sniffed and whispered to the untheatrical person: "All he did was to cut down a few speeches of the other members of the cast, and take all the fat lines for himself."

"Your own performance is magnificent, Bassanio," remarked the young actor.

"Well, yes. I fairly revel in the part. It suits my personality, although there is not so much chance for really great work as I should like. Still, the public comes to see me, and that is all the management cares for."

"Your scene in the second act——" murmured the young actor.

"Yes. That is one opportunity I have, and, in all sincerity, I may say I rise to it. But no one knows how hard I have worked on that play, as well as on my own part. The author fought everyone of my improvements, of course. He is pig-headed, like all writers. But I threatened to throw up my part unless I had my own way, and that scared everybody. So the author had to give way. Why shouldn't he? He gets his royalties, and it was for his benefit that I did it all. But you can't make a playwright see anything unless you club it into him."

"That's true. Authors are always ungrateful," observed Mercutio. "So are managers. I had an illustration of that once at Martin's Corners, Iowa."

"I beg your pardon. What did you say was the name of the city?" asked Bassanio.

"Martin's Corners," replied Mercutio, distinctly and severely.

"Ah, yes—to be sure. I don't think I ever played the city."

"Well, went on Mercutio, "I was engaged for the first heavy in a new production—a sweet thing, entitled, "The Dance of Death; or, The Hangman's Plot." It was by a new author. At seven o'clock in the evening, the leading man was taken ill."

"What was the matter with him?" asked the young actor.

"The usual thing, I suppose?" put in Mercutio, putting his hollowed hand to his lips as if it were a glass of liquid.

"Of course," smiled Mercutio. "Well, the curtain had to go up at a quarter past eight. The house had been sold out, and it was the society event of the season at the Corners. There was only one thing to be done. Would I play the lead? It was a terrific undertaking, but I nerved myself and agreed."

"And how did you succeed?" asked Bassanio, for politeness sake, for he knew, of course, what was coming.

"The most marvelous success I ever saw. I scored a knock-out—had them all crazy—and the play was a big winner. The audience was frantic. I got sixteen curtain calls on my principal scene—no, seventeen. The critics wrote columns of praise of my work. One of them said that, in that particular line, it was better than anything ever done by Richard Mansfield or Henry Irving. I have the clippings in my trunk. I'll show them to you some time. The next day I got a telegram from Charles Frohman, begging me to come to New York and create the leading character in a new play he had, and offering to star me the next season."

"Now, as to your assertion that actors are conceited," said Bassanio, addressing the untheatrical person, "their besetting weakness is modesty. They are good-natured, too. So long as the play in which they appear is a success, they care little for personal recognition. An actor should efface himself, and, if he is a good actor, he does. He is sunk in the character he represents, and he does not ask the public to remember him at all by his own name. That is my own way, at all events. I care nothing for myself."

"That is a good thing sometimes," observed the untheatrical person, reflectively. "Everybody said you were awfully bad in that play at the Elysian Theatre last season. One critic gave me his real opinion of you. He referred to you as a dub, and said he wondered how you ever got to a New York stage. But he supposed you were cheap, and that the management had an economical streak."

Bassanio wheeled and walked away, without another word, and the group broke up.

GEORGE C. JENKS.

Gertrude Dalton | Digby Bell | Christine Norman

PRINCIPAL PLAYERS IN GEORGE BROADHURST'S NEW COMEDY "AN INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE" SEEN RECENTLY AT WEBER'S

The Stars of To-morrow

Every now and again in Broadway productions some member of the cast hitherto unknown to fame makes a distinct individual hit. It may be only a bit, a small part which no one, not even the manager or author, expected would be noticed, and it was perhaps entrusted to a novice. Yet there is something in the way it is acted, a certain magnetism in the player that makes the audience instantly sit up and ask, "Who is she?" Many stars now heading their own companies laid the cornerstone of their popularity in this way. The THEATRE MAGAZINE *will present each month, under this heading, brief personal sketches and portraits of those younger actresses and actors whose talents have won for them recognition on the current metropolitan stage*

MR. DAVID TORRENCE, who plays the master spirit of Maggie Shand's three bachelor brothers in a quiet, masterful way, is himself an American by adoption. He was born in England, and coming to this country as a youth, tried being a cattle king in Mexico. The cattle monarchy was not profitable. There were too many other kinglets of the cattle-dotted mesas in the peninsular country. When, therefore, Mr. Torrence is addressed the question, "Why did you go on the stage?" he replies: "Because I had lost my money in the cattle business and had to have some more."

DAVID TORRENCE

He made his début twelve years ago in the Richard Mansfield company, playing the servant, also the bailiff in "Beau Brummel." In "A Parisian Romance" he played every male part except the star's. He began as the champagne server and ended as Henri De Targy, the leading man's rôle. He remained with Mr. Mansfield for four years.

Having a good baritone voice, he turned it to account in musical comedy. He was the Fairfax of "The Geisha," Fortunio with "The Fencing Master," and the leading baritone with Marguerite Sylva in "The Strollers." He returned to the legitimate as the Duke of Buckingham with Julia Marlowe in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." He was with the Kelcey Shannon company in "The Moth and the Flame" and "The Coat of Many Colors."

By his rôle of an East Side sport, Mr. Charles Abbe introduces most of the comedy into "The Battle." His wily endeavors to borrow money from his sister-in-law to play the races, and his self-interested promotion of her love affair, give genuine reasons for laughter.

ELSIE FERGUSON

Mr. Abbe is a graduate of the famous Boston Museum company, and, despite his youthful appearance, is old enough to have been an important member of the company of Edwin Booth. With Booth he played many and varied parts, among them Osric in "Hamlet." During the last decade of the last century, Mr. Abbe was seen in important character rôles in Gillette's "Settled Out of Court," "Gloriana," "Wilkinson's Widows," "Charley's Aunt," "The District Attorney," with Roland Reed, and in "Lost River" and "The Great Ruby." Since 1900 Mr. Abbe has been associated largely with the better class stock companies, having also appeared in "Brother Jacques" and Zangwill's "Jinny the Carrier," with Annie Russell, and in "The Vanderbilt Cup." He was the comedian of the "all-star" stock company at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre, which included Amelia Bingham, Charles Richman, J. H. Gilmour, Gerald Griffen, now also in "The Battle," Elita Procter Otis, Charles Dickson, Gertrude Coghlan and Frances Starr.

CHARLES ABBE

Another member of "The Battle's" cast who has attracted the attention of theatregoers is Elsie Ferguson, who plays with success the difficult rôle of Jenny Moran. She is a girl of the streets, reformed in outward appearance but not wholly, as she proves by her contraband wooing of the young hero. She plays the rôle with a girlish abandon and yet without offense, proving her possession of taste as well as cleverness.

Miss Ferguson began as a chorus girl, and is proud of it. Her first engagement was with one of the later "Belle of New York" companies, with which she spent a hard season of forty-two weeks. She appeared in several other musical comedies, among them "Liberty Belles." Her first appearance in the legitimate was in the farce from the French, "The Two Schools." She played every female part in this play before leaving the company. She alternated in small parts between musical comedy and the legitimate, appearing in "The Girl from Kay's," "The Second Fiddle," with Louis Mann, "Dolly Dollars," and "Julie Bon-bon." Two seasons ago she had an important part with Kyrle Bellew in "Brigadier Gerard," after which she went abroad, appearing in "The Earl of Pawtucket" with Cyril Maude, in London. Last season she was Mr. Lackaye's leading lady in Hall Caine's "The Bondman." Miss Ferguson was the leading woman in "Pierre of the Plains" early this season.

"BILLY" HARRIGAN

As the young man who wrestles with jealousy, and delivers himself of a proposal in "The Chaperon," William Harrigan has again drawn attention to the clever son of a clever father.

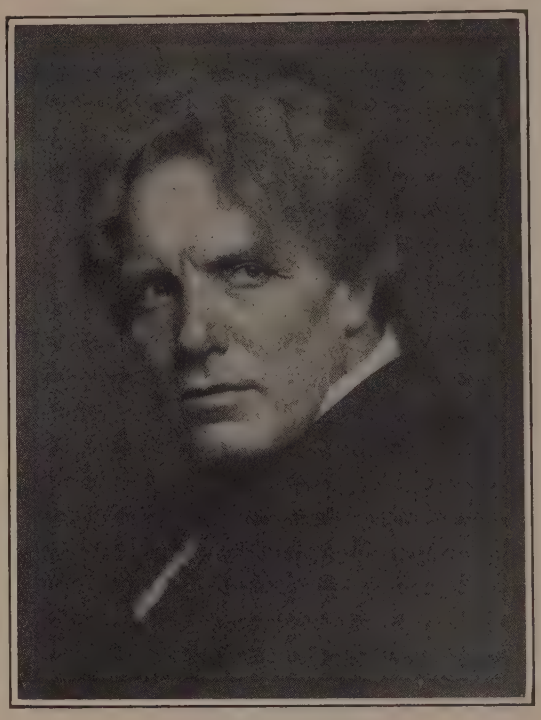
"Billy" Harrigan is the son of Edward, whom everyone calls "Ned" Harrigan. He was born twenty-two years ago, when Harrigan and Hart were the favorite comedians of New York. There was at that time a theatre on Broadway called the Hart and Harrigan, and Hart and Harrigan wrote their own comedies, which were Dickensesque reproductions of types of lower life in New York. Hart and Harrigan dissolved partnership. Hart is dead, and Edward Harrigan only makes occasional appearances. The last was with Arnold Daly in "His Wife's Family" at the beginning of this season. The playgoing public is training its lorgnons on Billy Harrigan to discern in him promise of the comedy with which his father was so richly endowed. It believes it has discovered it. The boy has a youthful preponderance of animal spirits. His smile is unctuous. He sees comedy points and develops them.

H. COOPER CLIFFE

H. Cooper Cliffe, who played Don Julian in "The World and His Wife," with a reserve and power indicating experience and high dramatic standards, comes of the celebrated Kemble family. He is the great grandson of Stephen Kemble, who was the brother of John Philip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. He started in the chorus with D'Oyley Carte. Then followed engagements in Edward Solomon's operas, appearing with Lillian Russell in "Polly." Later he joined Wilson Barrett, playing among others such parts as Spider, Iago, Icilius, and Laertes, then jumping to Tom Lassiter, a cockney tramp in "Hoodman Blind," back again to Glaucius in "Clito," and Theorus in "Claudian." He came to America and appeared with Julia Arthur, Maxine Elliott and Leonard Boyne, and then went on tour with the Kendals. Later he joined Mr. Faversham in "The Squaw Man."

Chapters of Opera

TO all music lovers a history of grand opera in New York from its earliest days down to the present day, necessarily makes a strong appeal, reviewing as it must the activities of famous impresarii, and giving a faithful account, by a close and expert observer, of the performances and personalities of some of the most gifted singers the lyric stage has known. "Chapters of Opera,"* by Henry Edward Krehbiel, the well-known music critic of the New York *Tribune,* is a delightful volume, full of interesting reminiscence and valuable information. Himself a witness during the last quarter of a century of the vicissitudes through which grand opera in this city has passed, few writers are as competent as Mr. Krehbiel to compile a chronicle of the kind or have at their pen's tip such a mass of entertaining material. His book, which is profusely illustrated with portraits of singers, old and new, begins with the performance of "The Beggar's Opera" in the Nassau Street Theatre in 1750, and brings the record down to the end of the Conried administration and the beginning of the remarkable operatic achievements of Oscar Hammerstein. Speaking of the Metropolitan, Mr. Krehbiel says:



DR. LUDWIG WULLNER
Distinguished German artist whose song recitals in New York, Boston and Chicago have created a profound impression

"I have seen the failure of the artistic policy to promote which the magnificent theatre was built; the revolution accomplished by the stockholders under the leadership of Leopold Damrosch; the progress of a German régime, which did much to develop tastes and create ideals which, till its coming, were little-known quantities in American art and life; the overthrow of that régime in obedience to the command of fashion; the subsequent dawn and development of the liberal and comprehensive policy which marked the climax of the career of Maurice Grau as an operatic director. I have witnessed since then many of the fruits of wise endeavor and astute management frittered away by managerial incapacity and greed, and fad and fashion come to rule again, where for a brief but eventful period serious artistic interest and endeavor had been dominant."

A particularly interesting chapter in the book is that dealing with the administration of Mr. Conried. On the retirement of Maurice Grau from the management of the Metropolitan Opera House, it became a question of appointing his successor.

"On February 14, 1903, the directors of the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company by a vote of seven to six adopted a resolution directing the executive committee 'to negotiate with Mr. Heinrich Conried regarding the Metropolitan Opera House, with power to conclude a lease in case satisfactory terms can be arranged.' This was the outcome of a long struggle between Mr. Conried and Mr. Walter Damrosch, a few other candidates for the position of director of the institution making feeble and hopeless efforts to gain a position which all the world knew had, after many vicissitudes, brought fortune to Mr. Grau. The public seemed opera-mad, and the element of uncertainty eliminated from the enterprise. Mr. Conried had been an actor in Austria, had come as such to New York, and worked himself up to the position of manager of a small German theatre in Irving Place. * * * In the management of grand opera he had no experience, and no more knowledge than the ordinary theatrical man. But there was no doubt about his energy and business skill, though this latter quality was questioned in the end by such an administration as left his stockholders without returns, though the receipts of the institution were greater than they had ever been in history. He had no difficulty in organizing a company, which was called the Heinrich Conried Opera Company, on the lines laid down by Mr. Grau, and acquiring the property of the Maurice Grau Opera Company, which, having made large dividends for five years, sold to its successor at an extremely handsome figure. Mr. Conried began his administration with many protestations of artistic virtue, and made a beginning which aroused high expectations. * * * Mr. Conried succeeded to a machine in perfect working order, the good-will of the public, agreements with nearly all the artists who were popular favorites, an obligation with the directors of the opera house company to remodel the stage, and a contract with Enrico Caruso. Mr. Grau had also negotiated with Felix Mottl, had 'signed' Miss Fremstadt, and was holding Miss Farrar, in a sense his *protégée,* in reserve till she should 'ripen' for America. The acquisition of Caruso was perhaps Mr. Conried's greatest asset financially, though it led to a reactionary policy touching the opera itself which, however pleasing to the box-holders, nevertheless cost the institution a loss of artistic prestige. I emphasize the fact that Mr. Conried acquired the contract with Signor Caruso from Mr. Grau because from that day to this careless newspaper writers, taking their cues from artful interviews put forth by Mr. Conried, have glorified the astuteness of the new manager in starting his enterprise with a discovery of the greatest tenor of his day. Many were the stories which were told, the most picturesque being that Mr. Conried, burdened with the responsibility of recruiting a company, had shrewdly gone among the humble Italians of New York, and by questioning them had learned that the name of the greatest singer alive was Caruso. Confirmed in his decision by his bootblack, he had then gone to Europe and engaged the wonder. Caruso's reputation was made some years before he came to America, and Mr. Grau had negotiated with him at least a year before he got his signature on a contract for New York. Let the story stand as characteristic of many that enlivened the newspapers during the Conried period."

Regarding Oscar Hammerstein's success, Mr. Krehbiel has this to say:

"It is no reflection on Mr. Hammerstein to say that many who have been prompt and generous in their recognition of his achievements since, looked upon his enterprise as quixotic, down to the very day of the opening of his house. True, he was known to be a manager of extraordinary resource and indomitable energy, but he had dallied more or less with the operatic bauble without disclosing any ambition to have his name written among the managerial wrecks, which have been cast upon the shores of Italian opera, from Handel's day to ours. * * * Many things contributed to the measure of success which Mr. Hammerstein won. There was a large fascination in the audacity of the undertaking, and its freedom from art-cant and affectation. Curiosity was irritated by the manager's daring, and admiration challenged by the manner in which he kept faith with the public. He seemed to be attempting the impossible, but he accomplished all that he said he would do. It is no secret—in fact, Mr. Hammerstein himself proclaimed it—that his artistic achievements were due in an overwhelming degree to the efficiency of Signor Cleofonte Campanini, his artistic director. But not to his efficiency alone—to his devotion and zeal also. Signor Campanini was not only the artistic director—he was also almost exclusively the conductor of the performances. His zeal fired all the forces employed at the opera house. A company gathered together from the ends of the earth succeeded in giving one hundred and thirteen performances of twenty-two operas, and making many of the performances of really remarkable excellence. The reason was obvious at nearly every presentation; from the principals down to the last person in the chorus and orchestra, every one had his heart in his work. Not only the desire to do their duty, but the pardonable ambition to do better than the rival establishment, inspired singers and players alike. It so happened that on one Saturday evening the same opera—Verdi's 'Aïda'—was performed at both houses. A newspaper reporter carried the intelligence to the Manhattan Opera House that half the seats were empty at the Metropolitan, while the new house was crowded. The curtain was down at the time, and a score of the performers on the stage, headed by the conductor himself, at once formed a ring and danced a dance of triumph."

EUGEN BURG
Co-director and stage manager of the Deutsches Theater, New York City Herr Burg is one of the most versatile actors on the German stage and equally at home in classic drama or modern farce

A chapter of opera, never fully understood by the American public, was the sensational fiasco which marked Mascagni's visit to the United States in 1902. Mr. Krehbiel explains the cause:

"Mascagni came to America under a contract with Mittenthal Brothers, theatrical managers whose activities had never appreciably touched the American metropolis nor the kind of enter-

(*Continued on page xi*)

*CHAPTERS OF OPERA, by Henry Edward Krehbiel. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

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"Salvation Nell"

(Continued from page 56)

JIM: I didn't treat ye bad, did I?

(*Pause.*)

NELL: When ye hadn't been drinkin' it was all right. But then ye drank so much! Jim, there was once, only one time when we was really happy.

JIM: When was that?

NELL: The Sunday we went out into the country. It was in June, an' I had a day off. I'd saved up fer weeks t' get a new hat, an' I thought it was awful stylish. We took our dinner with us—an' we went across the river an' got a trolley goin' way into the country! D'ye know, Jim, it was the first time I'd ever been out there. You remember that big tree where we had our dinner? An' how ye talked t' that old man? An' me gettin' bunches o' flowers t' take home? I made ye wear one in yer buttonhole, but ye didn't want to a bit! Why, that Sunday—I never kin ferget it, Jim.

(*She goes off into a sort of revery.*)

JIM: Sure, I remember! That old jay-bird out there!

NELL: That was our only glimpse of the green fields! An', oh, how short it was!

JIM (*uncomfortably*): Well, we couldn't a-kept on *livin'* out there!

NELL: No, we had t' come back—to work—an' drink—an' the city streets.

JIM: Ye talk's if *I* could help it!

NELL (*very tenderly*): Dear, I'm not blamin' you—I'm not even blamin' myself. We was just like heaps o' others. 'Twasn't a bit our fault!

JIM: Well, what about it then?

NELL: Do ye know, Jim, after everythin' had happened, what kep' comin' to my mind? Our day out there—across the river! I felt, "That's the real Jim. The other's someone else——" (*Pause.*) An' then, Jim (*pause*), I began t' love ye!

JIM: Ye *began!*

NELL: I thought God would let me be the one to save ye. But I know now that I can't. 'Cause it's our love—that stands between us!

JIM: Lovin' ain't the same as prayin'! Wot d' I care 'bout bein' saved?

NELL: We've lost each other in this life, but, dear, this life ain't all! Some day we'll meet soul to soul. Oh, I believe it's comin'—comin' with a Hallelujah that'll break the skies!—An', Jim, we'll be together—always!

JIM (*with a despairing cry*): But I want ye *now!*

NELL (*unsteadily, as she holds out her hand*): Good-bye, Jim, until then! (*Band is heard.*)

JIM: D'ye know wot yer throwin' me into? D'ye know wot I'm goin' t' do?

NELL: I'll pray fer ye——

JIM (*recklessly*): Aw, dam' yer prayers!

The Salvation Army band is heard approaching. The officers and privates with a crowd trailing along appear, and they form a group upon the street. Salvation Nell makes her harangue to the crowd, sincere and impassioned. After she has spoken she goes around with a tambourine for a collection. Jim drops in a coin and says hoarsely:

"Can I see ye—after the meetin'?—I want ye t' help me——"

NELL (*turning to him, her eyes blind with tears*): Ah!

JIM (*his voice breaking*): I need ye—I need yer help!

NELL: Wait fer me, Jim, I'll meet ye there. I want ye to take me home.

"Monna Vanna" in Opera Form

Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," with music by Henri Février, was produced at the Paris Opéra the week of Jan. 11 in spite of the playwright's protestations in court and in the newspapers and made a real success. It will be remembered, says the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, that Maeterlinck's objection to the production was that his wife, Georgette Leblanc, was not to have the leading part. An ironical part of the whole affair is that Lucienne Bréval as Monna Vanna is the weak spot.

The manager of a country theatre, peeping through the curtains between the acts, was surprised by a glimpse of the empty benches. "Why, good gracious! where is the audience?" "He has just stepped out to get a mug of beer," was the brief reply.

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Chapters of Opera

(Continued from page 70)

tainment which they sought to purvey. * * * The contract, which was negotiated by an agent of the Mittenthals in Italy, was for fifteen weeks, during which time Signor Mascagni obligated himself to produce and himself conduct not more than eight performances of opera or concerts a week. For his personal services he was to receive $60,000 in weekly payments of $4,000, with advances before leaving Italy and on arriving in New York. The contract called for performances of 'Iris,' 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' 'Zanetto,' and 'Ratcliff' by a company of singers and instrumentalists to be approved by Signor Mascagni. The composer was hailed with gladness on his arrival by his countrymen, and his appearance and the three operas, which were unknown to the American public, were awaited with most amiable and eager curiosity. The first performance took place in the Metropolitan Opera House on October 8, 1902, and was devoted to 'Zanetto' and 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' both conducted by the composer. There was a large audience and much noisy demonstration on the part of the Italian contingent, but the unfamiliar work proved disappointing and the performance of 'Cavalleria' so rough that all the advantages which it derived from Mascagni's admirable conducting failed to atone for its crudities. * * * Signor Mascagni entered upon his second week with disaster staring him in the face, and before it was over it was plain to everyone that the enterprise was doomed to monumental failure. The public after the first night became curiously apathetic. This apathy would have been justified had any considerable number of the city's habitual opera patrons attended any of the performances. The welcome came from the Italians dwelling within the city's boundaries; the performances themselves could arouse no enthusiasm. The singers were on a level with the usual summer itinerants; the orchestra, made up partly of inexperienced men from Italy and non-union players from other cities, was unpardonably wretched. It was foolishly reckless in the composer to think that with such material as he had raked together in his native land and recruited here he could produce four of his operas within a week of his arrival in America. He must have known how incapable, inexperienced, and unripe the foreign contingent of his orchestra was. The energy with which he threw himself into the task of trying to repair his blunders won the sympathy of the members of the critical guild, though it did not wholly atone for his conscious or unconscious misconception of American conditions. It was not pleasant to think that he had so poor an opinion of American knowledge and taste in music that before coming he thought that anything would be good enough for this country. His experience in Italy ought to have made him something of a student of musical affairs in other countries than his own, and he was unquestionably sincere in his hope that the American tour would win for him and his music the sympathetic appreciation which his countrymen had begun to withhold from him. Granting the sincerity of his desire to present himself fairly as a candidate for the good-will of the American people, it was inconceivable that he should have connived at or suffered such an inadequate preparation for the production of his works."

Other New Publications

THE SCARECROW, OR THE GLASS OF TRUTH, by Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Company.

But for a fantasy of Nathaniel Hawthorne, says Mr. Mackaye in his preface, this play would never have been written. Reference is made to the moralized legend, "Feathertop" in "Mosses from an Old Manse." Wherein he changes, modifies and expands the legend is fully set forth in this preface by Mr. Mackaye. An old woman, in the days of supposed witches in old New England, fashions at her forge the framework of a man to be clad as a scarecrow to protect her field of corn. At the instigation of and with the help of Dickon, an imp, this scarecrow is made a living man, and in that guise it makes love to the daughter of an old squire in the neighborhood, who had had intimate and evil relations with the old witch in the days of her youth and comeliness. The scarecrow figures as an English lord with several titles, and after causing a great deal of domestic and emotional trouble he dies upon seeing his real self reflected in the glass. In its fantastic action, the play will not stand analysis. Its production would involve a number of theatrical and magical effects, but it is probable that it could not gain a foothold on the stage. No

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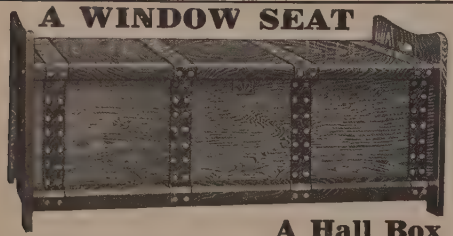

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doubt it will be read as a literary experiment and will be long regarded as an achievement by purely literary people.

PÉLLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE. Translated by Erving Winslow. With an introduction by Montrose J. Moses. Thomas Y. Cromwell & Co., Publishers.

This is a beautiful edition of Maurice Maeterlinck's poetic drama. The pages have artistic, tinted borders, and the typographical neatness is exceptional. This product of Maeterlinck's genius has received redoubled attention since it has been produced in operatic form, with the great capabilities of Claude Debussy, the composer of the opera, and the charms of Mary Garden in the rôle of Mélisande. The explanatory introduction by Mr. Moses is illuminating and helpful to the appreciation of this striking poem. "Pélléas and Mélisande" is above everything else a poem. The story is not new with Maeterlinck, for it is familiar poetic material in romantic form, but this condition enables us to all the better appreciate a method of treatment the secret of which is only known to this remarkable dramatist, poet and thinker. Although the action is veiled in mysticism and symbolism, the relations of the characters are intensely human, and one's tenderest sympathies are aroused. Analysis would not rank the play among great achievements, but the impression produced by it, subtle as it is in its means of effect, is undeniable and arrests the attention of the world.

THE WORTH OF A WOMAN. A play in four acts followed up by a point of law. A dramatic incident. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 1908.

This play was produced in February, 1908, at the Madison Square Theatre and was reviewed in this magazine at the time. Mr. Phillips is of the opinion that the world is hypocritical in certain moral and social relations between the sexes. He makes bold to discuss these matters and to set the world right. In this play a young woman has yielded to her betrothed lover, with dire results impending, but refuses to marry him because, she imagines, in spite of his protests, he does not love her. She will not yield to convention. Marry him and leave him at the altar, as he suggests? No, a thousand times no. She is going to "live her own life" and carry out her own ideas of morality. The play, in its published form, may be commended as a curiosity in literature.

THE HISTORY OF THE BOSTON THEATRE. 1854-1901. By Eugene Tompkins and Quincy Kilby. Houghton, Mifflin Company. Boston and New York: 1908. $5.00.

This is a beautifully printed book on fine paper, with 551 pages and a complete index of 64 pages, There is a picture of every actor or person of prominence connected with the history of the Boston Theatre for nearly a half century, up to 1901. Such a book must necessarily have great historical and pictorial value. Literary quality is not aimed at, biography is excluded, and no criticism of plays or people is indulged in. It is simply a record, omitting nothing, in so far as dates and facts are concerned. The worth of the book as a record of history is obvious. Indirectly it is a record of the activities of the American stage during the period which it covers. Many of the portraits of actors and persons of celebrity are taken from rare old daguerreotypes, photographs and lithographs. Many collectors have expanded books on stage history by means of inserting photographs and prints, but this is the first book to be illustrated in this copious manner by a reproduction of portraits interspersed through the text. It simply puts within reach of the public the result of the work of a zealous collector of more or less rare portraits and pictures, which would otherwise remain in a private collection in their original form. As a book of reference and for casual examination it has great interest, and should find its way into all libraries which give any attention to the record of things dramatic.

Strauss' New Opera "Elektra"

The excitement in musical and artistic circles of Germany over the première of Richard Strauss' "Elektra" in Dresden is at the boiling point, says the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Times*.

The beautiful theatre on the banks of the Elbe, which is so familiar to American visitors in Germany, could have been filled ten times over. Strauss will not conduct, as at first arranged. The baton will be in the hands of Leo Blech or Dr. Muck of the Berlin Opera. The management at Dresden has assembled a brilliant cast for the première, although the only name well known to Americans is that of Mme. Schumann-Heink, who will sing Klytemnestra. Elektra will be done by Frau Krull.

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In the January issue of *Dress*, the above illustration is reproduced with comprehensive editorial comment. The history of the Robe Androgyne is stated with its precise standing amongst the great couturiers. Articles of this type are in continuation of the alert, up-to-date policy of *Dress* which has made it the fashion mentor of every well gowned woman and the indispensable aid of the fastidious woman who lives even a few miles distant from the centres of Fashion.

The article on the Wardrobe for the Southern Trip is not only vitally important to the women who contemplate spending some time in the South but to the women who stay at home as well for it gives the first forecaste of the spring modes. A well illustrated article on the stunning new fabrics which the exclusive tailors and modistes are buying for the early spring frocks is the first authoritative word on this intensely interesting subject.

Particularly attractive are the departments devoted to perfumes, powders and all the alluring little femininities which appeal so keenly to the heart of the dainty woman; novel suggestions for the woman who delights in making her home beautiful; all the pretty and fetching new things which the shops are displaying; the smart frocks which the prominent New York women are wearing on the street, at receptions and at the opera; and enticing novelties in the realm of accessories which play such an important role in the costuming of the well groomed woman. Reviews of the latest plays, an interview with Marie Cahill and a chatty story of the doings of the social world are all included in *Dress*, the magazine which is a monthly visitor to the homes of the most cultured and exclusive women in the country.

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Stage Anecdotes

Compiled from Various Sources by Will A. Page

Macklin told Cooke that the first qualification of an actor was to learn to stand still.

"What plan," said an actor. "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the reply.

Someone remarked to Mrs. Siddons that applause was necessary to actors, and gave them confidence. "More," replied the actress; "it gives us breath."

"Why do you applaud so?" asked a gentleman of a friend, after the performance of a long and particularly stupid piece of music. "Because it's *finished*," he replied.

"What's going on here, to-night?" queried a timid farmer of the man at the box office. "'The Forty Thieves,'" was the reply. "How much to get in?" "Dollar and a half." "Well, I guess I don't care to see the other thirty-nine."

Mr. Gilbert, the dramatist, was told that a certain judge, more esteemed in society than in his judicial capacity, had complained of the musical farce "Trial by Jury," as tending to make the Bench ridiculous. "I do not see," remarked the author, "why he should monopolize that privilege."

Alexander Dumas is responsible for the following: On his first visit to the Salon, his attention was called to the superb portrait of the ethereally thin Sarah Bernhardt as L'Etrangère with her great Russian greyhound lying at her feet. "Ah, yes, I see," he said, thoughtfully; "a dog keeping guard over a bone."

At a provincial theatre recently, in a military play, an actor, who was performing the part of a general, slipped on the stage and fell ignominiously at the very moment when he was supposed to be conducting the troops to battle. With ready wit, however, he saved himself from ridicule by exclaiming: "Soldiers, I am mortally wounded, but do not stay to aid me. Pass over my prostrate body to victory."

Rock, the actor, once wrote a subscription paper for a poor scene-shifter, who had met with an accident. A few days after he asked to look at it,—wishing to know how much charity had been bestowed on him. Running it over, he handed it back to the scene-shifter, who asked, with some surprise,—

"Are you not going to give me anything, Mr. Rock?"

"My dear fellow," returned the actor, *"didn't I give you the hint?"*

A gentleman asked the veteran actor, Charles Mathews, how he managed to preserve his youthful spirits and vigor so well. "Well," said the comedian, "I've lived a pretty free life, but I always made it a rule to have eight hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. No matter where I was, or what the temptation, I would have my sleep. And then I always eat four good sound meals a day." "But are you not a great smoker?" "Well, no; not so very much of a smoker. I begin every morning, it is true, but then I leave off at night."

When Garrick was in Paris, Preville, the celebrated French actor, invited him to his villa, and, being in a gay humor, he proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that regularly plied between Paris and Versailles on which road Preville's villa was situated. When they got in, Garrick ordered the coachman to drive on; but the driver answered that he could not until he had got his complement of four passengers. A caprice immediately seized Garrick. He determined to give his brother-player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively looking out for passengers, Garrick slipped out at the opposite door, went round the coach, and, by his wonderful command of facial expression, palmed himself off upon the coachman as a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted into the coach each time as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville. Garrick slipped out a third time, and addressed himself to the coachman, who said, in a surly tone, that he had "got his complement." He would have driven off without Garrick had not Preville called out that, as the stranger appeared to be a very little man, they would make room for him.

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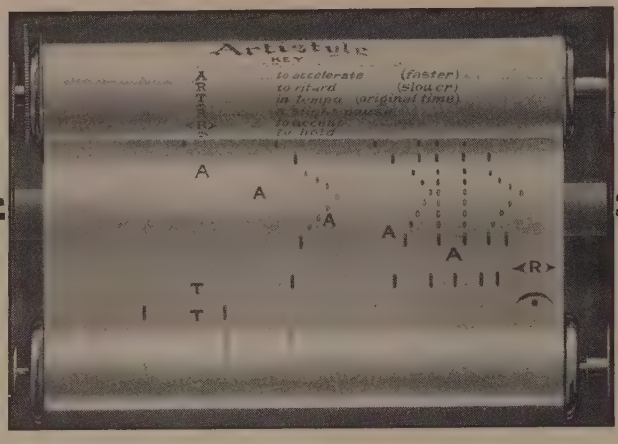

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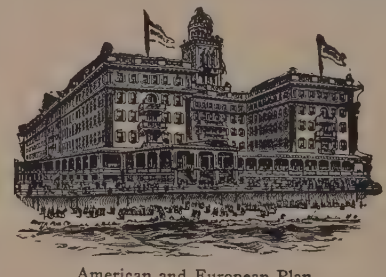

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The Current Plays

(Continued from page 41)

earnest, while Oza Waldrop as a slip of a knowing young girl is deliciously breezy and amusing. The remaining characters are all in competent hands, and the three elaborate stage sets, save for over-vividness in the last act, were prettily appropriate to the Adirondack requirements.

CASINO. "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway." Musical comedy in two acts; book by Edgar Smith; music by Ben M. Jerome. Produced Dec. 23 with this cast:

Joey Wheeze.....Eddie Foy
Barnaby Bustle.....George A. Schiller
Jonathan Cheatham.....Oscar Ragland
Tom Manleigh.....John H. Pratt
Mons. Fourneau.....Eugene Redding
Hank Piper.....Harry Madison
"Amelie".....James F. Cook
Arthur Goodrich.....R. H. Strong
Sergeant McSweeney.....William Morgan
Mrs. Daisy Stringer.....Laura Guerite
Molly Brown.....Maude Raymond
Mrs. Barnaby Bustle.....Mabelle Baker
Cymbaline Bustle.....Daphne Pollard
Annabelle.....Helen Davis
"Brakeman Pete".....James F. Cook
Coal-Oil Johnny.....Harry Madison

This type of entertainment at the Casino is apparently a fixed quantity. Each successor to its predecessor differs only in a matter of limited form. Author and stage manager are the most seriously taxed of those responsible for productions. They must ring the changes on old material and bring it out a finished product of originality and amusing bustle. "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway," the current attraction, is much like what has gone before, but it has an added value in that its principal performer, Mr. Eddie Foy, has long been an established favorite on the Great White Way. The rôle of Joey Wheeze, a clown in hard luck, is quite in his vein and gives full outlet for an exhibition of those rare whimsical qualities which he projects without effort and which, nevertheless, never fail to bring forth laughter and applause. Edgar Smith, who wrote the libretto, has evolved a fair story which is neatly handled up to a certain point, after which it is allowed to take such care of itself as the constant interruption of dances and specialties will permit. His satire on summer hotels is pungent and Edward Madden's lyrics have humor and the singing quality needful to get them over the footlights. The score by Ben M. Jerome bears all the earmarks of that tuneful composer. It is not inspired music, but it has a rhythmic, popular jingle that always appeals to the popular comprehension. The scenery is good, the costumes effective, in some cases almost daring, and the stage evolutions for the large and pulchritudinous choruses have been elaborated with ingenuity and picturesque precision by Ned Wayburn. That good old-timer, George A. Schiller, brings his ripe experience to bear with telling effect on the conventional rôle of a henpecked husband, and as Amelia, a trained bear, James F. Cook brings forward all the amusing traits of the ursine variety. With his partner, Harry Madison, they contribute a very irrelevant but funny specialty to the last act. Laura Guerite is an animated cloak model and Daphne Pollard is a cute exponent of youthful precocity. Maude Raymond, always good, gives a really artistic touch to her burlesque conception of Ophelia. But the whole show is too vociferous. Noise is not a substitute for spirited action.

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WEBER'S. "An International Marriage." Comedy in three acts by George Broadhurst. Produced Jan. 4 with this cast:

Duke of Baritz.....William J. Kelley
Archduke Ferdinand.....Cuyler Hastings
John Oglesby.....John Sainpolis
Philetus Williamson.....Albert Perry
Count Schnetzbourg.....John Daly Murphy
Phillips.....Fred W. Peters
Johnson.....Charles N. Greene
Johan.....Edward Jack
Florence Brent.....Christine Norman
Eleanor Williamson.....Florence Huntington
Archduchess Elizabeth.....Amelia Mayborn
Mrs. Williamson.....Florence Robertson
Agnes Sotherton.....Gertrude Dalton
Bennington Brent.....Digby Bell

The subject of international marriage, with or without love, on the one side for title and on the other side for money, is a difficult one for the drama. Bronson Howard tried it in "Aristocracy," but his specific theme was that kind of marital infelicity found in all countries and not particularly significant of international marriages.

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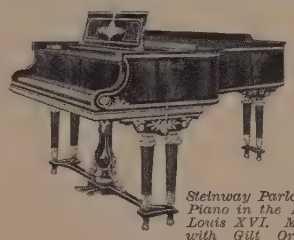

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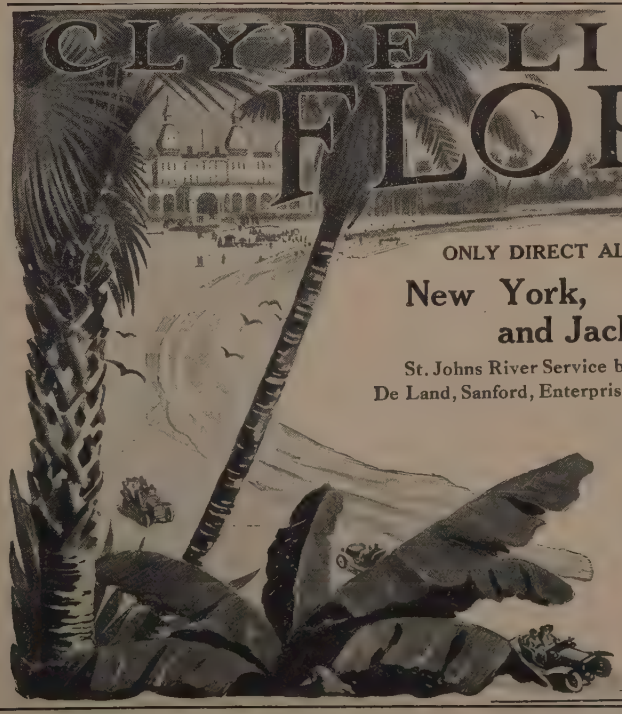

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He made use of many aspects of the subject, but he did not get at the philosophy of it. It was simply a play, and in many respects a very good play. The subject involves many problems, and dramatists have usually attempted to touch upon all of them, thereby becoming diffuse and inconclusive. A farce can be made out of it or a tragedy. Mr. Broadhurst made nothing out of it. It is not always to the discredit of a dramatist when he fails with his material. Mr. Broadhurst still possesses his art, and it is plain that he exercised the dramatic process of thought in his work, but that he was hasty in it by reason of the commercial end he had in view. The play paralleled the Duke of Abruzzi-Elkins case. However true it may be that he wrote it before the case began to occupy public attention, the higher truth is that the play practically concerned the American-Italian history of a projected international marriage. Mr. Broadhurst collected from every possible source pretty much everything that could be said on the subject, but it was, for the most part, used in an undramatic way. For instance, there was a long discussion between the father, the girl, her American lover, and perhaps another character about the advantages and disadvantages of international marriage. It was entirely without action, for its only purpose was an abstract discussion of the matter for the sake of the audience and not for any visible purpose of changing the point of view of any of the characters concerned. Digby Bell, the multi-millionaire father, had a great deal to say, during his experiences in continental hotels and tumble down palaces, about the lack of modern conveniences in such places. He was sometimes amusing. Mr. Bell is a capital actor, but acting is impossible in a play without action. Some of the scenes were managed with Mr. Broadhurst's accustomed skill, but the complete action amounted to nothing. An Italian duke steams across the water in order to marry the rich girl. The first false note was struck when he told his companion, a German count, that he loved the girl, and if he couldn't get her in any other way he would marry her. This, of course, was nonsense. When the girl visited his family in Italy various difficulties were encountered. The King would not give his consent to the marriage of his relative to an untitled woman, but the suggestion was made that she might go through the form of marriage with the duke's friend, a count, thereby securing title, and marry the duke after the marriage to the count was dissolved. Our beautiful, very rich and wholly unsympathetic fool of an American woman consented to this, but, at this point, another woman of whom we have no knowledge dropped in and revealed herself as the duke's wife, with a beautiful boy, his son. That ended the matter, and the girl goes to the embrace of her American lover, a Western congressman, who has come along at the invitation of the dramatist so as to be on hand at the end of the play. The play was short-lived and hardly deserved a better reception.

The Composer of "Monna Vanna"

Henri Février, the composer of the new opera "Monna Vanna," is a very young composer and with only one previous work to his credit—a one-act opera produced at the Opéra Comique. His new work, says the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, is not very original, but it is very pleasing to the ear. Wagner's influence is easily traced, Massenet's style has attracted the composer in parts, and even Debussy adds his mite. This is especially noticeable when Prinzivalle tells Vanna how she lost her ring in the fountain. Février borrows bars which describe Mélisande at the fountain.

The first-act music is the best, but the second act contains much to please the ear. In the third act Février has to deal with matters which require experience and much inspiration, and he flounders a bit, often making the obvious mistakes of confusing the emotions of passion and those of merely strong feelings. A fourth act has been added to the book of the opera, showing the escape of Prinzivalle and Vanna.

There is no doubt that "Monna Vanna" is pleasing to Parisians, in spite of the fact that it is the first French opera ever produced at the Opéra which lacks a ballet. Only Wagner has been able to avoid a ballet at the Opéra before now. This establishes a good precedent.

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Uncertainty of Theatrical Enterprise

The laws which govern theatrical enterprise are, indeed, of so complex and almost unintelligible a character as to be practically impossible of definition. The line of cleavage separating success from failure is so thin as to be well-nigh indistinguishable until the final fall of the curtain reveals it to our eyes.—London *Daily Telegraph.*

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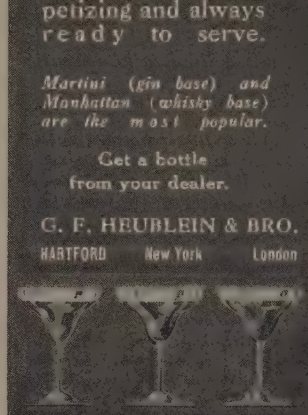

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Otis Skinner on the Drama

Otis Skinner, the well-known actor, recently gave an interesting lecture on the drama before the students of the Chicago University. In part he said:

"The poet Longfellow once said to Mary Anderson, the actress, that to keep one's imagination and beauty sense alive, one should every day read a beautiful poem, see a beautiful picture and listen to a beautiful piece of music. Had he said that to one not a member of the theatrical craft he might have added to his list the occasional witnessing of a beautiful play.

"All art is the expression of an emotion and that of the theatre is the most emotional of arts. A man sometimes leaves his brains at home when he enters the playhouse but he always brings his emotions and sympathies. A dramatist may make an error of a thousand years in his chronology; he may cause Cleopatra to be wooed by Siegfried, and we forgive him, but if he fails in his appeal to our emotions and our senses he has committed an unpardonable error. It is when we respond to this sensuous cry that the theatre is fulfilling its mission.

"Illusion is the first handmaiden of theatric art. It is her magic wand that lifts us out of our work-a-day lives.

"I recall the performance of a melodrama in a western city when this element of illusion was so completely maintained that a man leaped over the footlights and stopped the progress of a scene. The stage represented the desolate frozen fields of the Antarctic Ocean. A weak boy crazed and in delirium from starvation and cold is waiting the return of his father who has been vainly seeking help. A brutal sailor comes on, burning with desire for revenge upon the father and seeing the dying lad is about to wreak his vengeance on *him*. At this juncture the suspense had so wrought upon a spectator in the balcony that he felt the time had come to interfere. Swinging into an upper box he dropped to the lower and then leaped over its rail and made for the villain. He secured a good strangle hold on that person's neck and said, 'Hang you! Don't touch that boy. In the country where I came from we give every man a fair show.' The effect on the audience was electric, and in the demonstration that followed the man came to his senses.

"Here is dramatic illusion working on a rude nature. It is through illusion of like character, though greater in degree that higher results can be accomplished. The end in view must not be obtruded; the moral must not be brought home by too great a stress of the author's intent, for as Victor Hugo said, 'The stage must make of thought—food for the crowd.' This end can never be gained by erudition alone. The whole must be animated by the fervor and imagination of the playwright.

"'Art is only great,' says Whistler, 'when all traces of the means used are vanished.'

"I might almost have taken as a definite text for this talk the well-known advice of Hamlet to the Player: 'The purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold the mirror up to nature. To show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image; the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.' True dramatic endeavor must hold the mirror up to nature, but it must be animated by an underlying purpose.

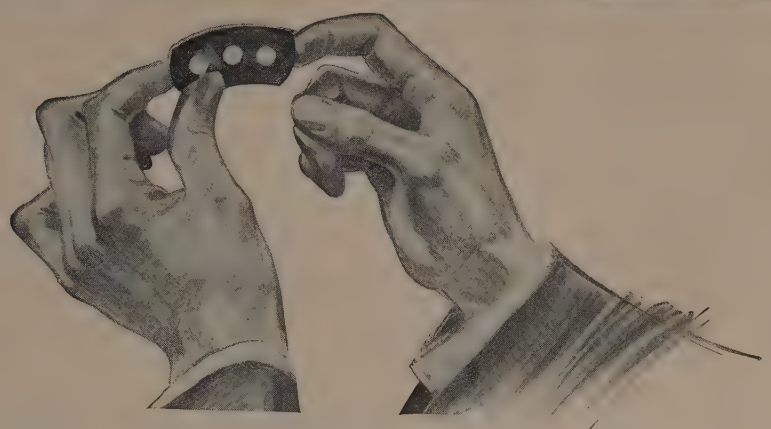
"Horror, lust, meanness and crime must not be put forward to present mere portraits of horror, lust, meanness and crime for themselves alone.

"The contemplation of a work of theatric art is uplifting only when the sense of beauty and proportion is made dominant. The shadows and dark spots are there, but the ultimate view and the one carried away is one of idealism, lift and beauty. It was Jules Janin who said, 'Even when it assassinates, even when it strangles, tragedy remembers that it wears the crown and carries the scepter.'

Luxuries and Public Amusements

Luxuries may be considered to be of two kinds, public and private. Amongst the public luxuries may be reckoned the production of the labor of the dramatist and composer, together with the performances of public singers, dancers, and actors. Since the labor of a few men on such subjects is sufficient to produce a great deal of pleasure to a multitude of people, these are luxuries most deserving of public encouragement.—*H. Mattino.*

Dresses should have a definite relation to the scenic background, and both should be in key with the spoken lines of the drama.—*Laurence Binyon.*



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N. B.—The following issues, June, Aug., Sept., Oct. and Dec., 1901, being entirely out of print, are not sold separately any more, and can only be supplied in the complete bound book.

The French Woman's View of Dress and Fashion

And the Month's Stage Fashions

"WHAT shall I say to you about fashions?" asked Mlle. Gerville-Réache the other afternoon. "I know so little of them, and then you American women follow the Paris styles quite as closely as does any French woman. The toilettes de cérémonie I see here are identical with those worn in Paris. In street costumes, yes, there is a difference; there you have carved out a style of your own, and an admirable one, too.

"Oh, the stage? Certainly the theatre, the varieties, the gymnase, etc., but not the opera, does much to make the styles in Paris. The great dressmakers make up their new ideas for some of the leading actresses who wear them in a new play, and thus set them most advantageously before the public. Then the society women copy these new gowns, or have the ideas they contain adapted to their individual requirements, and so a new fashion is launched.

Visiting gown of dull blue satin liberty, made by Laferrière, Paris, dressmaker to the Courts of England, Spain, etc. The artistic drapery falls in soft folds from the right shoulder to the left hip, where it is held by three passementerie ornaments of the same color. The left side of the corsage and the sleeves are of mousseline de soie over gold cloth, and trimmed with soutache and appliqués. The yoke is of écru lace with gold entre-deux

"For myself I do not follow the fashions. Oh, do not mistake me. I love pretty clothes, rich materials and beautiful colors, but I always adhere to one style of gown year in and year out. The only change I make is in the cut of the sleeve, the shape of which is altered to conform more or less closely to follow the prevailing mode. Even the neck remains always the same. That I like cut out, and wear it so the year round, winter and summer, day and evening.

"I like the long continuous lines from shoulder to hem. There is so much beauty in the good lines of a gown for me, and these long lines make such simple yet elegant costumes. Therefore I always wear a one-piece gown, a princess costume. The separate bodice is no doubt a useful garment and looks well on some women, but I have never worn it.

"Sometimes I am in the fashion, sometimes not. At present fashions have swung my way, and just now any one who did not know me would say I was quite a devotée of la mode.

"No, I do not think there are many French women who put themselves entirely into the hands of their dressmakers, and take what they dictate. Rather there are long consultations, and thus is evolved a costume which suits the individual. When I have several gowns to be made I spend perhaps an entire afternoon talking them over with M. Martial. Then I put the clothes question out of my mind until I need a new set.

"Clothes are certainly costly, even in Paris, but then they are so beautiful. I think women to-day wear much more beautiful materials than they did a few years ago, and that these exquisite materials may be set off to the utmost advantage is one of the reasons that the more simple lines are used in making costumes. What handsome laces and embroideries are used to-day! What rich, soft satins and silks, so much more artistic than the stiff brocades of olden times!

"French women are such bargain hunters. Why, they win their husbands by their 'occasions.' You should see how they flock to the Galeries Lafayette, the Printemps and the other big shops when there is an 'occasion.' Then home they go to entertain their husbands with their thrift in saving a few francs on this, that and the other thing, and how the dear men admire them for it, little suspecting that they buy quantities of things they don't need just because they are so cheap.

"Where two or three French women are gathered together there you may be sure the conversation is of chiffons. Of course, when the men are present, it is not so.

"I enjoy the independence of American

Photo by Mishkin

Mlle. Gerville-Réache in a princess gown made of an embroidered crêpe shawl. Martial and Armand, Paris

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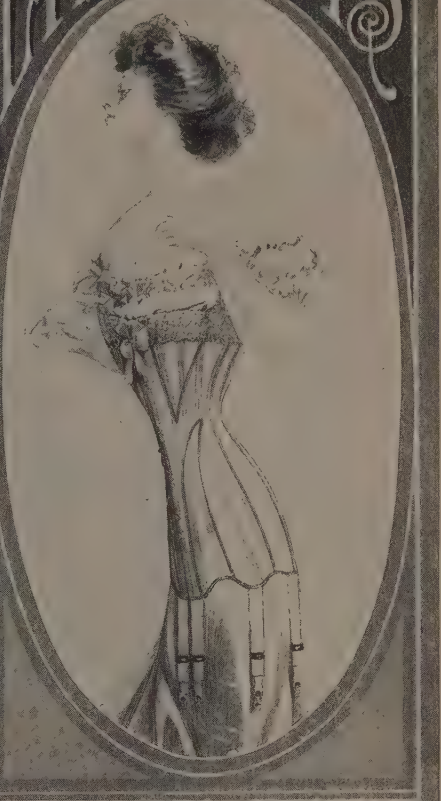

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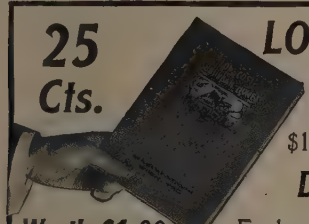

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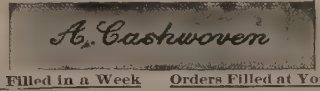

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life. Women are so much less trammeled by custom; even in the matter of clothes I find this so. Over there one must always wear a long skirt for visiting, and one would never think of going anywhere by street car, probably because a fashionably dressed woman would be so much stared at in a public conveyance. The women here walk when and where they choose, and when it suits their convenience take a car; why, I find your cars filled with well-dressed women.

"Do you know I have never worn a gown with a short skirt? Many Parisiennes have been wearing them for the last two years, but only for morning, not for afternoon, because custom says that it is a courtesy we owe to the people we visit that we shall be more formally gowned then. The short skirt is certainly infinitely more comfortable for walking, one's hands are not then encumbered with holding up the train. I really think I must come to this American style, but not to the shirtwaist. I must have a short princess frock."

And then a peep was vouchsafed into the diva's dressing room. She certainly had told the truth when she said she loved beautiful materials, for there were soft clinging stuffs in abundance and exquisite laces that were a treat to behold, while the rich colors further attested the artistic qualities of her nature.

An Empire gown of gold cloth is veiled with a rich dark shade of violet chiffon, the resultant color being an exquisite and luminous shade of mauve. This chiffon is embroidered (not appliquéd) around the bottom with gold bullion, the floral design being not over heavy and some ten inches deep. The cloth of gold gown follows the figure lines quite closely, but the chiffon is hung in Empire style from the gold embroidery which outlines the square-cut corsage.

Photos Moffett

ONE OF MISS SCHEFF'S PICTURE HATS WITH BEAUTIFULLY CURVED BRIM

A JAUNTY HAT FOR A YOUNG GIRL AS WORN BY MISS SCHEFF IN "THE PRIMA DONNA"

One gown is of white satin and Irish crochet lace of a handsome rose pattern. This lace is used in a long coat effect, fitting smoothly across the shoulders where it is unlined and being slit into panels from the lower edge to midway of the hips and knees. These panels are held together by means of lacings of wide crushed satin ribbons. This ribbon lacing is wider at the bottom than at the top, and so forms a reversed V, and is finished at one side of the bottom by a carelessly tied bow.

In the princess style with Grecian draperies is a gown made of satin and a magnificent China crêpe shawl. This shawl is a real treasure, being a veritable old Chinese embroidery. Even the design of the embroidery is unusual, it being pagodas with small human figures and just a few roses. The shawl has been dyed a wonderful violet, that shade tinged with red that is to be found in rare old Burgundy wine. It has been cunningly draped over the satin train, and the deep fringe adds to the decorative effect. Where extra garniture was required for the bodice and center back it has been secured by roses embroidered in the Chinese style upon a delicate net foundation. Certainly Martial and Armand, who have made all the gowns worn by Mlle. Gerville-Réache, are to be congratulated upon producing such a wide diversity of styles upon a single theme.

The palm for good dressing in "The Blue Mouse" must be conceded to Jane Laurel. While not extremely new, the styles of her gowns are good, and, above all, she knows how to carry her clothes, an art which is not always understood nor estimated at its true value by women either before or behind the footlights. The woman who has a good carriage, who stands and walks correctly, has an immense advantage over the one who slouches and slops. The one may wear old gowns, provided they be well cut, and yet be spoken of as a well-dressed woman, while the other may be arrayed in all the glories of Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix combined, yet never receive a compliment upon her style. Correct carriage is not so much a matter of figure as it is of a straight backbone. Miss Laurel is an example of the extremely slender type of figure, while Helena Collier-Garrick in "The Patriot" is that of the more matronly type, yet each one sets off her clothes to the utmost advantage without appearing conscious of the fact.

SOFT PUFFS AND LOOSE WAVES MAKE MISS SCHEFF'S BECOMING COIFFURE

Miss Laurel's second act gown is broadcloth of an old gold shade made after one of the winter's successful models. This is made with the Empire lines that increase the apparent height of the wearer. The last act gown, of rose-colored rajah silk, is also on Empire lines, but of more novel treatment, and is a style that is likely to be more popular as the spring advances. There is an excellent use of black satin for trimming purposes. The back of the gown is notable for its novel trimming scheme, which differs at each side, instead of corresponding as is the general rule. So cleverly is this effected that the result is good. Big black satin buttons are used at the left side, while the right has a long, narrow sash effect made of a single piece of the black satin. It is unfortunate that this gown had to be made before the spring silks were out, else the new Salome silk with its lustrous finish and splendid draping qualities could have been used in its construction, and the wearer had the credit of launching this silk, which is certain to be a great favorite for both costumes and coat suits.

Mabel Barrison, who portrays the leading part in this farce,

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This coiffure is arranged with the "Josephine" Braid at the back and parted in front. It is arranged with the "Puffy-Fluffer" and clearly shows how that dainty little device helps to form a "beauty frame" for the face. It does not show at the parting. The "Josephine" Coiffure is a very popular headdress and is in perfect harmony with the large hats now dictated by style. Made of naturally curly hair, the ends may be rolled over the fingers to dress.

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Photo by Sarony
BLACK NET EMPIRE GOWN
Worn by Miss Barrymore as Lady Frederick

wears costumes that are in tune with the character, which is that of a woman who has made her big hit as a Salome dancer. The costumes are, therefore, of the extreme type, but that is not saying that they are ultra-fashionable. It is to be deplored that such atrocious shades of blue have been selected for the first and second act gowns when there are so many novel and artistic shades now available.

Miss Barrison's best gown, from the esthetic point of view, is the pale blue cloth of the last act. This is strongly reminiscent of the style launched so successfully by Pauline Frederick in white broadcloth, though it is much modified, and, to confess the truth, not so chic. For this is a decidedly fitted princess, and owing to the requirements of the part buttoned in the back. Just as the buttoned front gown was best adapted to Miss Frederick's part, so is the buttoned back one to Miss Barrison's.

In this day of beautiful, not to say magnificent, furs, it seems a shame that better quality and more suitable kinds have not been selected for this play. Black caracul is used for the huge muff and short cravat that Miss Laurel carries, and caracul is really only suitable and fashionable for coats. The set would have been much more effective, becoming and stylish if made of black lynx or even fox.

In "The Prima Donna," Fritzi Scheff's gowns are up to her usual high standard of good taste. Here is an actress whose every movement is a graceful delight. Miss Scheff considers it a duty every woman owes to herself and society that she shall array herself as becomingly as her means and taste will permit. Would that all had the taste of Miss Scheff! She considers that there is the making or marring of a costume in the hat chosen to wear with it.

Her first act costume is a typical American style, being a most glorious shade of yellow cloth made on the severely simple tailored lines so well beloved by the American girl. The skirt is none too wide, yet because of its circular cut, hangs gracefully about the feet as it escapes the ground by a bare two inches. It depends entirely for its beauty upon the excellence of the cut, for it is quite without trimming. The simple little coat is of an unusual length in this day of the long Directoire garment, for it is of the thirty-inch length, and I dare to predict that it is a length which will be followed by many of the smartest dressers for their spring suits. The full-length sleeves are so tight that they could not be any tighter; there is no fullness at the top and the wrists are trimmed with three bullet-shaped brass buttons which are likewise used to fasten the single-breasted front, which, by the way, is never fastened but left to disclose either a vest or embroidered cloth, or perhaps it was a princess frock, which is more probable. A notched coat collar similar to those used on men's garments has the center portion covered with brown velvet embroidered in gold. The hat worn with this was a wee bit of a turban made of brown beaver, and had for its sole ornament two long quills of uncurled yellow ostrich. Tussah royal is the name given to this new fabric.

There is much more refinement and style in the fancy dresses worn by Miss Scheff than there is usually in stage costumes of this description. The first is of the fashionable smoke gray, tulle being the material, which is ornamented with light gray spangles. The sash is of cerise-colored satin draped after the Turkish fashion. The hat is a shape which would do admirably for a young girl's country hat if made of soft felt and trimmed with quills of a contrasting color. The other fancy costume is of black net with silver spangles and rhinestone buckles. The principal part of the sleeves are rhinestone buckles, which serve the purpose of keeping the narrow black straps in place from shoulder to elbow.

Unhappily, as much praise cannot be given the costumes in which the chorus is decked out. Regarding the first act gowns I can only echo the remark made by a woman near me, "Did you ever see such bargain counter dresses!" In the second act the colors were better.

One has heard so much every season about Anna Held and her wonderful costumes that I went prepared not only to take off my hat, that custom compels me to do, but to worship at the shrine of the goddess of fashion. My disappointment was correspondingly great, for while the gowns are costly beyond mistake, they are not of the kind that set the styles. The first act gown is a simple little affair of Quaker gray crêpe de chine, and beyond criticism is the hang of the short skirt. It moulds the figure about the hips, and being of circular cut, hangs in graceful folds about the ankles, but it is only when Miss Held dances that the real beauty of that skirt is revealed, for then the soft fabric outlines the limbs in the most artistic manner. The combination of colors in the last act gown is good; this is a beige lace and satin gown touched with brown velvet and crowned by a hat of emerald green. But the hat is too large, it is out of all proportion to her height. The stage pictures throughout this play are the best that I have seen this winter in a musical show. The colors are striking, and sometimes of great variety, yet blend into a harmonious whole. The selection and arrangement has been made by a master eye.

MLLE. SARTORIS

Photo by Moffett
GOWN OF PINK SATIN WITH HAT TO MATCH FACED WITH BLACK VELVET. WORN BY FRITZI SCHEFF

Fashions and Fads in Men's Dress

STYLE is resolving itself more noticeably than ever into an expression of personal taste. Some years ago, if the decree went forth that coats were to be very short and trousers very tight, most men heeded it. To-day such an "edict" would be ignored except by that singular class which takes its cue in dress from tailors' prints.

This growing independence is wholesome. It makes *well-dressed* men, that is, men dressed rationally and becomingly, instead of fops, who fit themselves to the mode instead of fitting the mode to themselves. Mark you, I am not decrying what is genuine and virile in style. Fashion has a distinct place and purpose, but it should be followed in its broad, not its narrow, sense.

The well-dressed man is not a puppet that obeys a hidden wire or a popinjay who regards himself merely as a frame upon which to drape clothes. He values dress as the expression of his personality, and how, pray, can there be personality in dress if men look like a lot of beads—all threaded on one string?

Most of us have neither the leisure nor the means to pursue each vagary of fashion, but we may dress in both good taste and good form by choosing that color, cut and cloth best suited to us. The particular number of inches that a coat measures and the particular pattern of the cloth are of no consequence whatever. It *is* important, though, that the coat fit well, be cut with some style, and that collar, cravat, shirt and so on be of good quality and spotlessly neat.

The effect of the most "smartly" cut suit can be spoiled by lack of regard for the little details of dress, whereas a pleasing cravat, trim shoes, a becoming hat and immaculate gloves often redeem a suit that is beginning to show signs of wear. Well-dressed men pay scrupulous heed to the seeming trifles, because they know for how much they count in helping to achieve the "air" correct.

Stripes predominate in "smart" shirtings, although delicate leaf, scroll and vine patterns are newer. The ground of the cloth is usually light, and the pattern is in a darker purple, helio, blue, lavender, green, gray, lilac, pink, and so on. Nothing new can be said of the cut of shirts. Well-made garments always have the cuffs attached and usually are designed coat-style.

The fashionable scarf is narrow and tied so as to fit snugly below the collar, which is generally of the "fold" or turn-over shape. Wing colors are more favored than a year ago. The edges of the correct fold collar should meet closely in front, and it is important, therefore, to obtain a collar which fits perfectly. This is easy, since most col-

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lars are now made in quarter as well as half sizes.

Fancy waistcoats are still in vogue and their design is legion. Here, as in every other article of dress, striped patterns are conspicuous. A fancy waistcoat should always be chosen with regard for the color of the suit worn. Otherwise the result is decidedly incongruous. The fashionable garment is collarless and cut with a low front opening. The pockets may be plain or flapped, and the bottom points of the waistcoat in front deflect sharply, forming a sort of inverted "V."

Tan shoes are still much worn for the loungy, "just ran up from the country" air that they lend the wearer. However, the "smart" color is not russet, but dull red-brown. Bright yellow shoes are too showy to be in good taste.

While it is desirable to seek harmony of color in one's clothes, dressing wholly in one color from hat to boot is a mistake. It looks insipid. Some degree of contrast is absolutely necessary to give spice to dress.

Much is said about the black braid down the outer seams of evening dress trousers, and there are those who regard it as a mere affectation. It isn't. The reason for the braid is two-fold. First, it distinguishes the trousers which accompany formal dress from those for the "Tuxedo." The whole idea is to produce an erect bearing and assured poise, and braided trousers help in achieving the desired effect. The braid may consist of one broad stripe or two or three narrow ones, the broad being preferred. The long, peaked lapel on the evening coat is made so as to roll—it is never pressed flat.

A good way to prevent the coat and shirt from crumpling or bulging is to wear suspenders between one's overshirt and undershirt. There are many excellent suspenders of the so-called "invisible" kind which may be bought at any haberdasher's, and that they serve their purpose well I can affirm from personal knowledge. Still, a well-fitting shirt ought not to bulge, and if it does, it spoils the smooth fit of both coat and waistcoat.

As the fashionable evening dress waistcoat is cut with deep bottom points, it is advisable to have "darts" at each side. There are heavy lines of stitching which extend toward the lower pockets and help in making the bottom of the waistcoat lie close to the figure. Without "darts" the garment is prone to jut out when one bends, sits or leans forward.

The collar of the evening coat should not be cut too high, as it hides too much of the shirt collar, nor too low, as it may yawn at the neck and show the collar button. The coat cuffs may be plain, welted, or folded back. On the evening trousers it is better to dispense with the back buckle. That is superfluous, and when the waistcoast has also a back buckle, the "lumping" around the waist is unsightly and uncomfortable.

Everybody who lays claim to following the fashion wears a white waistcoat with evening dress. It has a crisp freshness about it that is soothing to the eye, and, besides, it relieves the monotony of too much black. So many novel waistcoats appear from month to month that it would be futile to attempt to describe all or even a few. It has been a fad of young men latterly to wear a single-button waistcoat with a single stud shirt, the button and stud being of the same color and stone—a pearl or moonstone. Still, this and things like it cannot truthfully be called fashions, but are rather the personal preference of the wearer. The ordinary waistcoat is single-breasted, has "V" shaped lapels, and three buttons.

An admirable evening shirt has a linen body, bosom and cuffs, and silk sleeves. This makes the garment easier to slip on and cooler for dancing when one is obliged to use the arms much. However, the ordinary white linen shirt with a plain or *piqué* bosom serves very well, and the cuffs are always attached. Embroidered bosoms, folded back cuffs and the like are fads, not fashions, and not to be recommended.

Glossy linen is always in bad taste, and, therefore, the shirt should be ironed with a lustreless finish. It will be found that fabrics with a slightly coarse surface launder better than those which are smooth and are less apt to get shiny. The number of stud holes in the shirt front is a matter of individual choice. From one to three are used. An agreeable effect is produced by having three stud-holes show and having the three studs match the waistcoat buttons. Pleated bosom shirts are not correct with ceremonious dress, but only with the "Tuxedo."

For many men the straight standing evening collars are too high for comfort, though they certainly look much more distinguished. If a wing collar be used, the white tie is adjusted in a large wide bow. If a straight stander be worn, the tie is knotted with a narrow center and broad ends. This seemingly trivial question of what collar and tie is of great importance in lending a becoming effect to the whole costume. Wing collars with huge drooping tabs look ridiculous and protruding "pokes" suggest a prop for nodding heads.

The socks to accompany evening dress are of black silk or sheer lisle, plain, with black silk clocks or white silk clocks. Patent leather pumps with a flat ribbon over the instep or the newer ribbon with a pinched-in center and wide ends are correct. To be sure, high shoes with button tops of kid or cloth are also proper. The handkerchief is of spotless linen with the wearer's monogram embroidered in white in the corner. The gloves are white buck for the street and white kid for indoors. One may carry a stick with evening dress according to the London fashion. A very "smart" and expensive stick is made of black ebony with a simple gold cap. The high silk hat is the only head covering endorsed for ceremonious evening wear, summer or winter.

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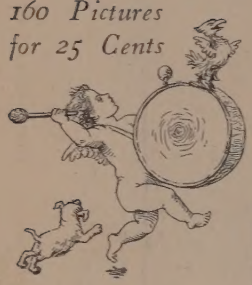

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This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naïvely, that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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Mr. Maugham's Latest Comedy

"Penelope," a comedy in three acts, by W. Somerset Maugham, produced at the London Comedy by Charles Frohman and Arthur Chudleigh, is, in several respects, says the London correspondent of the New York *World*, the best of the series of successes which the author of "Lady Frederick," "Jack Straw" and "Mrs. Dot" has to his credit. It is light as gossamer and sparkling as champagne, yet at the same time there is just a touch of seriousness about it which raises it above the level of the merely amusing. There is a moral, too, but you do not get it in a big dose, but in such homeopathic quantities that you hardly notice that you are swallowing it.

"Penelope" is the old story of the wife of Ulysses in a very modern dress. The new Penelope's husband is a fashionable young doctor whom she has surfeited with a continued diet of adoration. He is seeking a change of régime with a fascinating Mrs. Ferguson, whose husband is a naval officer, bravely serving his country upon foreign seas. Penelope has just discovered this truancy when the curtain rises on one of the best introductory scenes which the modern stage furnishes. She is going to make a scene, but her father, who, though a mathematician, has some knowledge of human nature, suggests another plan.

"You've been giving your husband strawberry ice for breakfast, lunch and dinner," he tells Penelope. "No man could stand it."

Penelope acts on this sage advice, and, by throwing the naval widow, who is of the "devilish fine woman" type, but no match for herself in essentials, into her husband's arms, soon makes him sick and tired of her. The scheme is worked out in a fashion both novel and amusing and is a complete success by the end of the second act. At this point one hears several people in the corridors say they couldn't see where the author was going to get his third act. He not only got it, however, but made it the most triumphantly successful of the play. "Only saints in heaven want what they have," is the epigram which more or less adequately indicates the character of this last act. This necessarily rough synopsis may give the impression that the main idea of the piece is not particularly novel. It is not. But the details with which it is worked out are distinctly fresh.

Mrs. Brown Potter on the Drama

Mrs. James Brown Potter, who is now on the vaudeville stage, contributed recently to an English journal this interesting article on the dramatic art and its place in the world:

The real object of the drama is the exhibition of human character; and the dramatist's art covers the whole life of man. In his hands the ordinary sentiments are translated in an enlarged manner. The story that fascinates us in all ages is the story of man, for it is only the personal that is interesting when we get down to the bed-rock of things. As soon as we meet him in the earliest dawn of history we find him in possession of this art, more as an instinct, I admit, but it is there as sure as his sense of beauty. We see him struggling to hand down to posterity his story, not so much artistically as dramatically. It was man's effort to be dramatic that gave birth to painting and sculpture. The mural monuments and tablets of Chaldea and Egypt are my witnesses. Turning to more modern history, it is the men with dramatic ability who sway their generations. Take men as widely different from each other as Savonarola and John Bright. It was their knowledge of dramatic art rather than their logic which made each such a power. They succeeded where Socrates and Bacon would probably have failed, because they had the gift of representing their ideas graphically before their audiences. They realized that to move man it is necessary to appeal to every responsive part of him. Not merely to their sense of reason, but to what I might term their senses of conviction, their vision, their hearing, their sense of the beautiful, their passions.

Mr. John Bright had a wonderful way of putting a picture before the eyes of his hearers. When he spoke of war you saw the rush of panting men, you heard the clash of steel and the roar of guns, you sickened at the carnage, you wept for the widows and the fatherless children. A few words and a simple gesture, a sympathetic intonation of the voice, and it was done, and done dramatically. The eye is much more easily appealed to than the mind. And there is the music of the eye. Many actors and actresses fail because they do not realize this. They move about, and their movements are a series of discords to the eye. Then the voice, too. There is no instrument like it; its power is incalculable. All the picturesque effects in the world are not worth a cry uttered with the right intonation.

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